PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 14 1931

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. II. No. 19 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1931 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	1
RUSSIA AND MR. CHURCHILL	4
THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN WORKER. By H. N. Brailsford	5
WHAT'S WRONG IN THE PROFESSIONS. II. MEDICINE	6
ALLO! ALLO! By R. W. Postgate	7
TAKING SIDES. By Y. Y.	9
FIRST THINGS FIRST. By MacFlecknoe	10
CORRESPONDENCE	10
From Edgar C. Willis; Allen Eve; Luigi Villari; Henry Clay; Bertrand Russell; Sir Michael Sadler; "Puzzled"; M. Chance; Rev. Roger Lloyd; Tr. Brondsted; D. Jeffrey Williams; E. M. Keate; Rev. B. H. Davies, H. C. Scott	
DUNKERQUE–PARIS LINE. By Naomi Mitchison	13
STAGE SENTINELS. By W. J. Lawrence	14
PLAYS AND PICTURES	15
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne	16
REVIEWS:	
The Art of Thomas Hardy. By R. A. Scott-James	17
A Vision of War. By H. M. Tomlinson	17
A Poet's Anthology. By Rose Macaulay	18
Laborious Heywood	18
New Novels. By Proteus	19
The Doughboys in the War	20
A Practical Feminist	22
SHORTER NOTICES	22
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert	24
ABOUT MOTORING	26
PLAYTIME. By Caliban	28
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	30

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE defections of Sir John Simon and Mr. Ernest Brown from the Liberal Parliamentary Party seem to have been master-strokes of policy, independently conceived but, to the chagrin of both "leaders," simultaneously executed. Neither gesture, in consequence, has had the effect that may have been desired. Malcontent Liberals do not know whom to follow; Sir John is still precariously situated between the Liberal and Tory camps, while the genial Ernest Brown claims to be the original Simon pure. We all remember a childish game called "Simon says: Thumbs Up" (or down, as the case may be). But then everyone obeyed the command. This time Simon says "Down," but the class remains unimpressed and the Government remains in office.

* * *

Everyone knew that France would be difficult over the suspension of Germany's reparation payments. But few expected the blatant exhibition of Shylockism that we have been treated to during the past week. The acceptance of Mr. Hoover's plan was subject to a set of conditions which would knock the whole thing into a cocked hat. Germany must pay up the suspended annuities in a lump next July, instead of over a period of 25 years, as Mr. Hoover suggested. The money should be handed over by the Bank of International Settlements to industrial and financial firms, and not to the German Government. Nor should all of it go to Germany; part should be lent to France's friends in Central Europe—Jugoslavia in particular. And, finally, France should not be required to deposit any guarantee money in the Bank. There have been days and nights of haggling, but, at the time of writing, the only point on which the French have consented to yield anything is the first; they would agree to a repayment spread over five years instead of twenty-five. There is still a hope of some compromise. Tempers in France are high, and rude things have been said about America not only in the Press but in the Senate. But for all their defiance, it is impossible to believe that the French want a complete rupture, with its patently dangerous consequences to themselves and the rest of us. And Mr. Hoover, on his side, has a great deal at stake.

* * *

If France should remain obstinate, what is to be done? The most obvious course is for Germany to declare a moratorium under the Young Plan, and that, as the United States Government have pointed out in a forceful Note, would give the French no cause for rejoicing. They would be faced with an immediate loss of £20,000,000, and with still more serious troubles, political as well as economic, in the future. Alternatively, the Hoover plan could be put into operation without France. Of course, the relief thus afforded

to Germany would not be enough; it would only postpone the catastrophe. It would leave the French with money in their pockets for the moment, but morally isolated, stinking in the nostrils of the world. The feeling in Germany is already far more bitter than most of us realise; the French are doing everything in their power to promote a *revanche*. It is a gloomy outlook for the Disarmament Conference, and the present proceedings in Paris make an ironic commentary on Mr. MacDonald's plea a few days ago, that we should recognise the peculiar difficulties which confront France in the matter of armament reduction. We can only hope that France will have done something to justify this tenderness, before he and Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George appear together at the Albert Hall on July 11th to advocate the cause of international peace.

* * *

The general election in Spain has resulted, as everyone expected it to, in an overwhelming Republican majority. Official returns are not available, as we write; but it is clear that there will only be a handful of Monarchists in the new Cortes, and no Communists at all, it seems. The press of the Left is already renewing its demand for Don Alfonso's abdication. The largest party in the Chamber will be the Socialists, with between 100 and 150 seats, followed by the Radicals, the Liberal-Republican Right, and other groups of the Left. The problem of cabinet-making will not be easy. It is generally assumed that the task will fall to Señor Lerroux, the Foreign Minister. He is a Radical, who enjoys an immense popularity and has actually been returned by six different constituencies, from Madrid to the Canaries. But the Socialists, it appears, do not see their way to collaborate with him, and he would therefore have to look rightwards for support. The prospects of a Government at once stable and progressive are not in the circumstances very bright. Nor is the framing of the Constitution going to be child's play. A draft has been prepared by the Provisional Government, but it is said to be inordinately long and complicated, and will have to be cut down before it is laid before the Cortes a fortnight hence.

* * *

Hungary also has been holding a general election. Here, however, there has been no excitement, no anticipation of change. Although the final figures have not yet been made public, a victory for the Government bloc can be predicted with absolute certainty. No other outcome is possible in a country where polling proceeds in much the same conditions as prevailed in England before the passing of the Reform Bill. In most of the rural constituencies the ballot is open, the influence of the landowner predominant. There are other advantages too in the hands of the Government. For ten days prior to polling day no public meetings may be held, no posters displayed, no appeals made to the electorate. Even during the permitted period for electioneering no two election meetings may be held simultaneously in the same district. These factors operate to the advantage of the Government party, who are able to arrange the best meeting times—for example, Sunday morning—for their own candidates. In the circumstances, a Hungarian election is no real reflection of the state of public opinion. Only in the towns, where the secret ballot has been introduced, is there anything approaching a democratic vote. It is here that the opposition is strongest, and in many constituencies the Government party does not even bother to put forward a candidate. Nevertheless, in an agricultural country like Hungary, the urban vote is weak in comparison with the rural, and Count Bethlen can afford to regard the opposition with complacency.

* * *

Having by Fascist methods secured a Government more or less subservient to his own will, King Carol has now decided that future Cabinet meetings shall be presided over by himself. This is a new departure in Rumanian politics and, while it fulfils a longstanding ambition of the King, it is not without danger to his throne. The Government majority, it is true, is large. It has been swollen by the semi-Fascist principle which provides the largest party with a preponderance of seats. The opposition is small and, so far as Parliament is concerned, is reduced to impotence. This uneven representation of the electorate is not necessarily a source of strength to the King who, without either the ability or the constructive ideas of a Mussolini, has accomplished the first steps towards absolutism. Admittedly, he has not yet usurped the powers of a dictator. On the contrary, he has declared that he has no such intention. He has assumed, however, a position from which it is difficult to recede, and the natural corollary is that circumstances will compel him to go forward. Dr. Maniu's eclipse was due, among other things, to his failure to solve the economic problem. A similar failure on the King's part will expose him to far more serious consequences. Carol has taken a gambler's chance.

* * *

A pronouncement of great importance was made by Mr. MacDonald last Friday, when he stated, in reply to a parliamentary question, that the Government, should the need arise, would "apply to Parliament for the authority necessary to enable them to give financial support under suitable conditions to the Government of India, for the purpose of maintaining the credit of the country." This is a sensible decision. India is doubly in the throes; on top of her internal and constitutional crisis has supervened the world depression, by which, like all agricultural countries, she has been very hard hit indeed. In such circumstances, a "psychological rot" might well set in which could only lead to a flight from the rupee. The effect of Mr. MacDonald's statement was a rally of from 2 to 4 points in Indian stocks; for the time being, at least, there would seem to be no need to obtain the necessary powers from Parliament. What form the promised assistance might take, should the need for it arise, is a matter of conjecture. Presumably, the first step would be to guarantee the interest on the Government of India's public debt.

While the Viceroy was speaking at Simla on the outlook and emphasising his resolve to see the Irwin-Gandhi pact carried out, the Princes were preparing in their Bombay conference to define their attitude towards federation. The Maharaja of Patiala had intended to

absent himself, but at the last moment, provoked by the attacks upon his manifesto, he decided to meet his opponents in person. The conference has been mainly concerned with two matters—the Patiala alternative plan and the replies to a questionnaire circulated among the Princes by the Nawab of Bhopal. There are keen personal and factional enmities to account in some degree for the Patiala tactics, but it is recognised, nevertheless, that the Princes as a whole are anxious to know much more about the safeguards provided for them in the draft Round Table scheme. The Bombay conference revealed the existence of a strong feeling in favour of a provisional union of Indian States before the Princes are asked to commit themselves to an All-India federation. The result is likely to be the formation of a sub-committee to prepare a memorandum before the Princes leave for England.

* * *

The struggle for the exemption of private playing fields from the land tax has ended in Mr. Snowden abandoning the stiff-necked attitude which was disconcerting even his own party. Cricket and football and golf clubs and the like now escape; only racecourses for horses, dogs and motors will be mulcted. But all the concessions and compromises that have been extorted do not make this land tax a good measure. If the Government wanted to secure the unearned increment, they should have concentrated on the special taxation of undeveloped land, capital appreciation of site values and the like, by the method adopted twenty years ago by Mr. Lloyd George. If they wanted to do more, then the proper course was nationalisation—without disturbance of present occupying owners. If the State owned the land, it would be in a far better position to deal with all the troublesome exceptions, such as playing fields, as well as to appropriate unearned increment for the community and to rationalise agriculture. No doubt Mr. Snowden might answer that a Land Nationalisation Bill would not get through the House of Lords, and that half a loaf is better than no bread. But how many Socialists really think this mouldy crumb is half a loaf?

* * *

The I.L.P. Members of Parliament have tabled a lengthy amendment for the rejection of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, which is anathematised on seven different counts. The first of these counts, amusingly enough, is that the Bill removes effective control out of the hands of Parliament. Since when has the I.L.P. joined hands with Lord Hewart to oppose the "New Despotism"? The best feature of the Bill is that it provides means of putting anomalies right without the need for fresh legislation in our congested Parliament. The I.L.P. does not go so far as to say there are no anomalies to be remedied; but it does say the Bill will create more than it removes, and it does protest against "differential treatment" of casuals, seasonal workers, and married women, though "differential treatment" is surely just what these highly differing classes require. In short, the I.L.P. amendment is a manifesto in favour of leaving things as they are, combined with a Utopian demand that benefits shall be increased. It is clearly aimed at the Left wing electorate, rather than at the House of Commons; but it is more likely to alienate support than to enlist it.

Not many days are left in which to settle the mining trouble. Yet, as we write, a settlement by consent does not seem to have come much nearer. Indeed, new pitfalls appear almost daily—such as the preposterous claim of the South Wales owners that they should be exempt from the national undertaking to maintain wage-rates in return for a continuance of the 7½-hours day. The "spread-over" question in Scotland is also giving trouble; and on the main issue—the setting up of some effective national machinery for the future regulation of wages—the mine-owners do not appear to have given way at all. We are, of course, used by now to deadlocks whenever any matter relating to the coal mines is under discussion, and it is quite possible that a settlement will be reached. The whole atmosphere may have been changed even before these words appear. But, as matters stand, it does look very much as if the difficulty will have to be solved by legislation over the owners' heads.

* * *

Mr. Lansbury is again at his work of brightening London. He now intends, it seems, to allow intoxicating liquor to be sold in the grounds of Hampton Court, and the teetotal fanatics are furious. This, they say, is the thin end of the wedge; soon we shall have him "scattering booze-shops all over the London parks." We hope Mr. Lansbury will take no notice of this rodomontade. Why on earth should a man not drink a glass of beer, if he prefers it to tea or lime-juice, in a public garden? Last year there was a curmudgeonly opposition to the plans for the extension of games and bathing in Hyde Park, which was happily defeated. The opposition to beer is based, we presume, on moral rather than æsthetic grounds—though no doubt we shall be told, amongst other nonsense, that the innovation will produce noisy and disgusting orgies. But a drink is no more sinful under the trees than in a four ale bar or the National Liberal Club, and it is insulting to Londoners to suggest that they want to get tipsy in the parks.

* * *

A further extension of a fortnight has been granted the Foundling Site Appeal Committee in view of the negotiations now proceeding with the Borough Councils and others for the purchase of the whole or part of the site. The Lord Mayor has called a Conference of the L.C.C. and the Borough Councils concerned for Monday next. The support of the general public is urgently needed in order that as much as possible of the site should be saved for a welfare centre for children. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 93 Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain an article by Professor N. Z. Bukharin on the relation of science to the reconstruction of the Soviet Union. M. Bukharin is the Director of the Scientific Research Department of the Supreme Economic Council, and a member of the Academy of Science in Moscow. We are acquainted with M. Bukharin's philosophic works and heartily disagree with many of his views, but we believe his article will be of interest to our readers.

RUSSIA AND MR. CHURCHILL

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, the notorious British agitator (we adopt the phraseology of the *Morning Post* when describing M. Bukharin and other distinguished Russians now in this country) has now decided that disarmament is impossible, because of the menace of Russia. He explained his reasons in the House of Commons on Monday. He prides himself, as his counterparts in Russia do, on "realism," on cutting through the idealistic cobwebs which so delight the MacDonalds and Hendersons, Noel Bakers, Norman Angels, and other apostles of peace and disarmament. His contemptuous attitude towards idealists, Socialists, radicals and other renegades who try to prevent the "inevitable struggle" between Capitalism and Communism is very like that of Trotsky ten years ago. His mind, like Trotsky's, is confined in a militaristic mould; as a young man he learned to see everything in terms of war and preparation for war. He can see in Russia nothing but a menace; nothing but a reason for keeping the French Army and the British Navy at full strength. True, he uttered a pious hope that we might yet avoid war, but always on the understanding that we ceaselessly prepared for it.

There is perhaps not much you can do with this kind of mentality. If 1914 did not teach you that war is the result of competitive armaments and partial alliances, neither will you be convinced, though one—or a million slaughtered soldiers—rise from the dead. It is a dreary, old-fashioned and oddly deterministic way of regarding history to think that we must all act again as we did in the past, that we must always fight against any rising power which menaces our world supremacy, that we must use our power to crush out new ideas of organising society and choke up the new wells of enthusiasm which will, in spite of Mr. Churchill, arise among young people in England, in Russia and elsewhere. But Mr. Churchill, whom one used to fancy as an exuberant and stimulating person, hates youth and its idealism: he is equally an enemy of the effort to build an international society as of the attempts to reorganise our economic system on a more equitable basis. He lives deep in the Victorian age, with his mind in ancient ruts about competition and Empire and Balances of Power. He is the oldest old woman in Europe.

There may be some who agree with us so far but who may yet wonder whether Mr. Churchill is not right in arguing that the Five Year Plan is, in any case, a menace, since its success would mean wholesale dumping while its failure would drive the Russian Government into adopting a military policy in order to distract its citizens from their disappointment. Both these propositions are worth careful consideration. Both seem to us based on misconceptions. Russia, like every one else, sells at the best price she can get. The difference between Russia and other countries is that Russian trade is controlled by the Government. It seems likely that the future of international trade will be on these lines. Countries will decide what they want and by systems of import and export boards purchase and sell in bulk. This is what the Co-operative Wholesale Society already does and what big private companies do, though their buying and selling is dictated by the profits they can make out of the consumer, while the Russian Government, with a planned economy, is in a position to adjust its trade to a scientific estimate of public need. In this sense Russian economy is a menace to Western capitalism: it enables the resources of a country to be used to supply the needs of its people, instead of allowing the maldistribution of wealth to create unemployment and chaos.

In the second place, industrial experts now agree with other observers—we have seen no competent opinion to the contrary—that the Five Year Plan is unlikely to be a failure in the sense considered by Mr. Churchill. It is already transforming Russia with immense rapidity from a poor, undeveloped country into a potentially wealthy, industrial one. For the time being, the mass of workers are accepting a low, though an improved, standard of life in order to hasten still more the process of industrialisation. But neither town nor agricultural workers will submit to this indefinitely, and the Government, whether it wishes or no, will almost certainly be compelled to use the increased production of the country immensely to improve the standard of life of the mass of the people—which means, as intelligent business men have been saying recently, that Russia is the great new market of the future.

We do not deny that there is possibility of war with Russia; indeed, if Mr. Churchill gets his way there is a probability of it. But it is, we believe, quite unnecessary and, if we are sensible, easily avoidable. The view that the Russian Government intends war is founded on ignorance of Russian policy. The whole attitude of the Soviet Government towards the West has changed since the exile of Trotsky and the adoption of the Five Year Plan. It was Trotsky's view that no Communist State could exist side by side with capitalist States. According to strict Bolshevic doctrine, they had all to go through a bloody revolution like that of Russia. Relics of that view still persist in Russia and are encouraged by all the Churchills outside Russia. The Soviets still believe or affect to believe—and they have Mr. Churchill's war of 1919 to support their view — that the capitalist West intends an offensive against them. But their own policy to-day is peaceful; they desire to be left alone to carry out their immense economic revolution and they persistently state—and there seems no ground for disbelieving them—that they now hope to be able to trade peacefully (if with disturbing efficiency) with other countries, whatever their form of government. So that at the worst we have some years in which to build up a more sensible relationship, some years in which to organise our economic life so that we may be able to deal with industrial Russia on equal terms. Perhaps this may be only a phase, only a reprieve, but it is one which we can use to make conflict more or less unlikely. It is encouraging to find some public men who are beginning to realise this. Lord Lothian, in a remarkable speech at the London School of Economics, has just been advising us to learn from Russia instead of abusing her.

Some may object that the Soviet Government is too tyrannous and oppressive for any improvement in our relations with it. We have never defended, nor shall we defend, cruelty in Russia or elsewhere, and we believe that, even from its own point of view, the Russian Government has often been quite unnecessarily repressive. That, one may notice, is the view of Stalin who put an end to the very misguided effort to expropriate the whole kulak class by terrorism. The actual conflict now proceeding in the villages of Russia does, of course, involve great hardship. Probably the most truthful and objective account yet written of it is to be found in Mr. Maurice Hindus's *Red Bread*. Mr. Hindus is a Russian by birth, but he has lived mainly in America and is by no means a Communist in outlook. We see in his account of the life to-day in the village he was born in, a process of change, devastatingly rapid to the older peasantry, exhilarating and glorious to the younger generation. The new co-operative farming, mechanised and efficient, is being superimposed on a traditional village system; we see

the older peasants gradually forced into the system, partly by direct coercion and fear of exile, partly by pressure of public opinion. Russia is over-night abandoning the incredible inefficiency of the old open field system, which we in this country abandoned in the eighteenth century, and adopting the most up-to-date long-scale mechanised farming, which individualism still makes impossible in this country. The change in Russia does not, we venture to assert, now involve a half of the long-drawn-out suffering of our own industrial revolution, when whole generations of men, women and children were ruthlessly sacrificed for the sake of the new profits. The laments of the older peasantry read like the heartrending complaints of our own hand-loom weavers, when they too were deprived of their old method of livelihood by more efficient mechanical means.

The differences are two. First, that in Russia the industrial revolution is being organised deliberately by the State, which must therefore take the blame for mistakes and for suffering which, when caused incidentally by the stimulus of profit, were attributed to unalterable economic laws. Secondly, in Russia, the revolution is being accomplished with the enthusiastic co-operation of the great majority of the younger generation and is being accepted by the mass of the whole population who believe, in spite of present hardship, that the Government, for the first time in history, is *their* government; they know that those who organise make no profit for themselves, and that their own efforts will be rewarded—as they already are in many cases—by an improvement in their standard of living.

Why then should we not welcome this attempt to break the ice of the ages? We do not hold that the same methods are necessary or desirable here, and there is plenty of room for criticising the Soviet Government. There have been and still are excesses. But we see in Russia the one country in the world which is doing great things, which is tackling, in the interests of the many, the problem of economic organisation which we have so far failed to tackle. It seems an opportunity for learning something, not for indulging in Churchillian bombast.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN WORKER

THE pages of the Whitley Commission's Report on Indian Labour, by far the ablest and fullest document on this subject which has yet appeared, bring to my memory things seen during a recent visit. One tests it by these recollections. Do they fit into the picture which the Royal Commission has drawn? Would its recommendations spare the future traveller similar impressions of misery and neglect?

First in this series I recall some workers' tenements built by a wealthy Indian cotton mill at Ahmedabad. They were far from being the worst that I saw, but one feature in them riveted my attention. They were the usual dilapidated hovels, built back to back in two rows. Each of the 153 dwellings was a single room, measuring ten or twelve feet square, without window or chimney, with the floor a foot below the street-level. They had small verandahs with space for one string-and-bamboo bed. In each were housed from six to nine persons. The lane behind them was littered with garbage and green with slime. This was the customary scene which one soon learns to expect in Indian towns, but a detail happened to catch my eye. I noticed the water-tap, the unique source of fluid and coolness which served this population of anything over 700 persons. I tested it with my hand; the water was far above blood-temperature. From this one tap, in the torrid climate, this battalion of workers must drink; under it they washed their sweating backs; round it they washed their clothes.

But one's recollections run on, in an endless and relentless film. I recall a tannery in the suburban slums of Bombay. Inside it, and far outside it, heaps of decaying animal refuse poisoned the air. Tamil boys, outcastss imported from Madras, were working naked in the vats, their skins alternately burned and tanned by lime and acid. Their hands were coated with human leather as thick as the sole of a shoe. Some were no more than ten or twelve years of age, and all of them worked, boys and men alike, twelve hours a day, three hundred and sixty five days a year. They slept and cooked, amid the filth, in sheds which they had built. In one, which measured 23ft. by 18ft., as many as thirty were housed. In a lean-to, which at first I took for a tool-shed, I noticed three of their string beds. The floor was of earth and measured 12ft. by 7ft.; it was not quite 3ft. high. In this den three human beings lived. If the reader can endure more, I might describe some glass ovens at Ferozabad in the United Provinces. They were served by pairs of workers, a man and a boy, who handled the molten glass, deftly and swiftly, squatting close to the infernal heat of the stove. The boys were said to be eight years of age, and one of them admitted that he had already been two years at the job. They worked in twelve-hour shifts, without a break for meals, and it was even difficult, as one of the men said, to satisfy a call of nature. Compared with these glass-bangle workshops, the notorious carpet factories at Amritsar seemed relatively tolerable. In these the boys, aged about eight, work in the cool shade (which may, however, strain their eyes) through an eleven-hour day for 2½d. They are virtually slaves, bought from their parents by the foremen for a lump sum at the outset of their careers. This factory, as the manager told me, produces only articles of luxury "for Maharajas and American millionaires."

The first test the Report satisfies. It is an honest and objective account of the actual conditions, and the reader who allows for the calm official language will find in it some data which parallel my own memories of things seen. He will also find, what I would not conceal, descriptions of the better modern factories, of the admirable welfare work which a few companies, both Indian and European, conduct, and of some few housing schemes which here and there offer some hope for the future. It is a mixed picture and no other could be just, but on the whole the shadow predominates, and the shadow is desperately black. There is no question that the progress in recent years, in the bigger organised industries, has been considerable. Wages are still pitiably low; hours, even when one realises that the Indian worker dawdles, and up to a point is allowed to dawdle, are still long. The conditions as to lighting, ventilation and freedom from dust vary from the model to the scandalous, and while some mills have creditable crèches for the children of their women workers (together with dispensaries, restaurants, reading rooms and gymnasia), in others the babies are tossed on sacks in a corner behind the machines. All this is faithfully described in its baffling variety, nor are the seasonal and smaller concerns, or those which escape regulation because they use no mechanical power, forgotten. The Commission suspects that some ginning mills still work a continuous 18-hour day in the height of the season, and it writes with due emphasis about the children in the carpet factories. On the other hand, some of its ablest and most readable chapters present a relatively favourable picture of the Assam tea-gardens—though it tells us that in some gardens children start picking at the age of four. Much of the opposition to recruiting has evidently come from the landlord and usurer class in the villages, which wished to deny to its debt-serfs this avenue of escape.

It would be impossible in a short article to review the immense number of detailed recommendations which the Commission makes over its vast field. All are in the direction of higher standards and more effective enforcement, but all are inspired by a spirit of "gradualness" which Indian conditions may excuse. The Report rightly pleads for a long-term plan of improvements and a stiffening of many provisions after a transitional period of five years. It is certainly not excessive to propose at once a reduction of hours in "perennial" factories to 54 in the week, with a daily limit of ten. The suggestions for a rather tentative start in setting up minimum wage machinery are to be welcomed. The Commission realises that the practice of paying wages monthly—and even then only after the lapse of another week—is among the chief reasons why the mill-worker starts in debt and never struggles free. It urges weekly payments, but is not prepared, in legislating, to go beyond a 16-day period, with a week's further permissible delay. This is surely to carry "gradualness" too far. It proposes many advances in the regulation of the seasonal, smaller and non-mechanised industries, especially in the matter of child-labour, which it would confine to certain stated and invariable hours of the day. That should be easy to impose, so easy, indeed, that one would ask whether the police might not enforce it. But for "gradualness" there is the excuse that even now legislation seems to be in advance of public opinion. I believe that all the scandals with which this article opened could have been dealt with under the existing law, if the appropriate authority had possessed the will to use its powers. A foreign government, however autocratic, cannot modify the domestic life of its subjects with the daring which a really dynamic Indian party might develop.

Apart from these narrower matters of regulations, the best thing in this Report is its insistence throughout on health and housing, as the vastly bigger half of the labour problem. One soon realises, in contact with Indian workers whether in the villages or the towns, that their whole existence is subnormal. Half-starved from infancy, soaked in many regions with malaria, sapped in others by anæmia from the hookworm, they never know what health or strength or ambition mean. Nature in the end has bred a miniature race of men, which can live with a minimum of vitamins on one meal a day, with an expectation of 25 years of life, against the English workers' 54. Having grasped this fact, one has next to realise that, in income at least, the town-worker is vastly better off than most villagers, save in the Punjab and Gujerat. The Report combats the various forms of fatalism that have excused the traditional inertia—the belief that the climate is to blame, and the conviction that the Indian worker will not respond by better work to better conditions. The chief causes of low vitality are all preventible; good housing does make better workers. There follows from these premises a well-thought-out set of suggestions for health-work, housing and town planning.

These suggestions, the Commission realises, are for a self-governing India to apply. It will not lie with this or any future British Government to make good the omissions of earlier generations, dominated by a belief in *laisser-faire*. For this reason the part of the Report which most urgently concerns us is the final chapter on Labour in the new constitution. It is in the main an earnest plea that labour shall be recognised as a central subject, though it is wisely proposed that both the Central and the Provincial Councils may legislate, subject to the condition that the latter may not infringe or whittle away any Federal Act. As the Round Table draft stands, the Federal Legislature has no jurisdiction over labour questions. The result will be what we find in the United States; the more advanced Provinces will not dare to impose legislation more progressive than that which prevails in the backward Provinces, and even in the native States the pace of advance will be that of the slower units in the Federation. This would be a disaster very difficult to repair, and one trusts that the unanimous advice of Mr. Whitley's Commission will be heeded. It is good advice; even though one realises that the Central Legislature, with its great block of non-elected members from the Princes' States, is likely to be a reactionary and property-ridden assembly. Some stimulus it should get, however, towards a more vigorous and co-ordinated policy, from the standing All-India Labour Council, modelled on the I.L.O., which the Commission would set up to consider and even to initiate legislation. The machinery we may help to create, but nothing will serve the Indian worker until Indians themselves create a party bent on transforming the whole environment, physical, social and religious, in which their masses live.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

WHAT'S WRONG IN THE PROFESSIONS?

II. MEDICINE.

BY A DOCTOR PRACTISING IN LONDON.

THAT all is not well with the profession of medicine is as obvious to all but the blindly complacent of its members as it has long been to the intelligent lay public. It is, however, one thing to recognise illness and another and much more difficult thing to diagnose that illness and trace it to its source. It is generally admitted that nothing like full use is being made of the physiological and pathological knowledge that has been garnered, that much relievable sickness goes unrelieved, and that many preventible diseases are not prevented. In large measure, this relative failure may justly be assigned to the ignorance and folly of the victims; but no inconsiderable part of it is traceable to the mental attitude of the average doctor, an attitude shared by his professional leaders, and perpetuated by narrow and old-fashioned ideas of medical education. The separation of the medical art from religion and philosophy has led to the general adoption of a very narrow view both of health and of life—a view so narrow that, only the other day, the official head of the medical profession in this country solemnly stated that "the first and last enemy of man on the earth is disease of the body."

But this is not the whole secret of the trouble. Medicine, as practised, is not a profession in any strict sense; it is a trade tempered with professionalism. In a society organised on the basis of individual acquisitiveness, the spirit of commercialism is bound to be dominant. And this is increasingly marked with the advance of democracy. Every move towards egalitarianism in an acquisitive society tends to drag down to the common level and into the common struggle more and more of those privileged individuals who, however arbitrarily, found themselves placed on an eminence above the battlefield, whence they were free to contemplate the economic scramble below. The practising doctor in England has, perforce, to render divided service to Æsculapius and to Mammon.

Here lies the fundamental explanation, or, at any rate, a large part of the fundamental explanation, of what is wrong with the medical profession to-day. Out of economic necessity, or economic expediency, arise nearly all those divagations from art and science, from philosophy and truth—in a word, from true professionalism—which are the principal symptoms of the social disorder we are considering. The result is that the medical profession is intimately infused with quackery. From the knocker on the doctor's door to the understanding smile on his face there is a resort to artifice, having for its object something far removed from the Art of Healing.

I have before me the syllabus of a course of tuition in "The Management of Patients," which some enterprising

cynics have arranged for doctors who wish to travel along "The Path to Success in Medicine." Though few doctors would be frank enough openly to acknowledge it, there is no doubt that in this syllabus are embodied the experiences of most successful practitioners. Here are a few of the headings: "The Doctors' House. Position. The front of the house. The door. The door-plate. The entrance. The impression that should be made. The instruments that should be shown. The instruments that should not be shown. The impression with which the patient should leave the house. Gratitude, how aroused. The sixteen impressions to be made in ordinary cases. How to make them. What every patient should be made to think. Personal interest, how to show it. Leaving the room. The impression to leave behind. Tact in escaping questions."

These superficial "airs and graces" are but the cosmetics of quackery; and we could afford to smile at them were they not indicative of more serious derangements within. Consider that ancient fetish, the bottle of medicine, which still constitutes the chief part of the "medical benefit" of the wage-earning men and women of this country. It may be that doctors themselves no longer believe in the general efficacy of drugs in the treatment of ill health. But the fact remains that between four and five million gallons of liquid "medicines" were prescribed by registered practitioners in this country in the year 1930. If we add to this the further millions of gallons of proprietary and home-made medicines swallowed by the public, we can hardly say that drug therapy has had its day. Oliver Wendell Holmes might have been writing yesterday when he said: "The disgrace of medicine has been that colossal system of self-deception, in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the entrails of animals taken for their impurities, the poison bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all the inconceivable absurdities thus obtained thrust down the throats of human beings suffering from some want of organisation, nourishment or vital stimulation." To the drugs with which the Victorians were familiar we have added a very large number of new ones—among them, it is true, three or four of real value and potency. But so far as results go, the great majority of all the vaccines, sera, endocrine preparations, extracts of heart, testis and ovary, and similar new *therapeutica scientifica*, are as futile and ineffective as were the concoctions of the Saxon leech.

The late Sir Clifford Allbutt gave expression to what must always have been the view of intelligent and unprejudiced physicians:

> In not a few cases, it is true, these herbs and salts have some virtue; but in how many are they not stock receipts, either wholly futile or at best impotent as auxiliaries against unwholesome habits and conditions of life which the physician, unable to ameliorate, gets weary of denouncing. Too soon he learns to say to himself, "Poor creatures, errant or sinful, God help them, I cannot; yet if pill or potion be a comfort to them, or a hope, by all means let them have it." And the quackery does not end here; unhappily it permeates into the higher social ranks, to the degradation of scientific therapeutics.

It should not be thought that all this apparent quackery is dishonestly motived. More often it is the true expression of medical credulity—a credulity which passes all understanding. The mass of proprietary remedies which are advertised only to the medical profession is itself revealing. So that the arguments advanced by the manufacturers of these "cures" be couched in scientific jargon, it seems to matter no whit how completely opposed to all physiological truth are the statements made.

The last century has witnessed an enormous improvement in the general health; and it is but natural that doctors should persuade themselves, and endeavour to persuade the public, that this is mainly due to their skill and services. Physiology, however, is practically a new science; and a true art of medicine based thereon—the only basis on which scientific medicine can be constructed—is at last beginning to shape itself. But, in practice, it is not yet much in evidence; and it is pretty certain that curative medicine has played an infinitesimal part in bringing about our better health and greater longevity. Surgery, on the other hand, has made a material contribution; but far and away the most important agents have been greater cleanliness, private and civic; improved housing; general education; better and cheaper food, and a raising of the economic status of the working classes.

At present, each unit of the medical army fights in his own way and, of economic necessity, largely for his own hand. He is a soldier of fortune, living on the country as best he may. It is impossible to-day for any one doctor to find the time or to possess the various specialised techniques to cover the whole field of diagnosis and applied therapy. Much of the apparatus needed for special investigations is cumbrous and expensive, and calls for practice and skill for its satisfactory employment. Almost inevitably, unless the patient lives in a mansion and has a bottomless purse, its possession and manipulation must be institutional. No organisation of the medical forces which does not involve as an essential part a complete system of well-equipped up-to-date hospitals throughout the country, is worth talking about. Some kind of loosely organised provision is now made for the medical treatment of the fifteen million wage-earners of this country. So far as formalities go, the panel service is an advance on the service it replaced. But it is doubtful if it has contributed more than the veriest trifle towards the improvement of the national health. For all that is meant by modern scientific medicine, it makes practically no provision. The panel doctor, be he ever so conscientious, can in most cases do little more than prescribe endless bottles of medicine in which he does not believe, and "pat Nature on the back" whilst she gets on with the work as best she can in difficult circumstances. The ordinary practitioner to-day has no organic link with the sanitary service—which alone is in a position to remedy most of the defects he discovers—or with the hospitals, where alone specialist diagnostic methods and surgical and other special treatments are available.

Nor is it possible, so long as medicine remains a commercially competitive trade, effectively to bring these forces together, and so make some approach to the reasonable and practicable ideal of placing within the reach of every man, woman, and child, in proportion to their several needs, such medical and surgical skill, such hygienic science, and such true therapy as are at our disposal.

H. R.

ALLO! ALLO!

THE notes of music faded away as exquisitely as they had begun, and a voice came from the loud speaker. "*Allo! Allo!*" it said, "*Ici Radio Toulouse. Mesdames et messieurs! Vous avez entendu le Danse Slave de Dvorak. Vous avez besoin d'une casserole, d'une assiette ou d'une vase de nuit. Achetez-la chez La Belle Toulousaine, le magasin le moins cher de tout le Midi. Mesdames et messieurs! Veuillez maintenant entendre. . . .*"

This occurred on a Sunday, a day on which it is hard to think well of the B.B.C. It, or something like it, occurs every Sunday, and indeed on every day of the week. That no such advertising material has ever been broadcast from a British station, is one of the chief claims of the B.B.C. to our approval. But it is, paradoxically enough, the operative cause of the attempts which are intermittently but vigorously made to change its whole constitution. There is discontent enough with certain items, such as the Saturday and Sunday programmes, but the really dangerous opposition is inspired by advertisers who see an unparalleled advertising medium "going to waste."

The British Broadcasting Corporation is a monopolistic body operating under a Charter granted by the Postmaster General. The Postmaster General has in Parliament always

taken the attitude that he cannot be held responsible for the policy of the B.B.C. It is, in practice, an autonomous body—one of the most interesting examples of the new kind of Socialism—a public service corporation, permitting no private profit and as free from direct political influence as its founders knew how to make it. Its constitution may be criticised from many points of view. But before criticising it, the public ought at least to have a chance of comparing its results with those achieved by the very different broadcasting systems in other countries.

Other forms of radio organisation fall most conveniently into four main categories: (1) complete State control, of which the best example is Russia; (2) State ownership of stations, whose time is then leased to private enterprises; this can best be studied in France; (3) allocation of wireless stations and time to various specially formed societies, which is the Dutch system; and (4) pure private enterprise, which obtains in the United States.

So large a number of Russian stations are to be found among the long-wave stations that it is fairly easy for the English listener to get them despite their distance. Moscow Comintern broadcasts on 1,481 metres, and Moscow Popoff on 1,103 metres. Both of these can occasionally be got in London; Leningrad on 1,000 metres and Moscow Central or Trade Unions (1,304 metres) are easy to get. Both of these last radiate programmes addressed especially to English listeners. The Leningrad programmes are announced in almost unintelligible English and continually crossed by Morse signals. The Moscow programmes are announced and often delivered in the English of Australia or of East Ham (it may be disputed which). The lectures are dull and unconcealedly biased; the concerts are poor, their most characteristic items are modern compositions by Russian proletarian musicians, frequently the settings of revolutionary recitations. These are interesting, but interesting rather to the social student than to the musician.

The French stations, though usually State owned and leased out, are individual and diverse. Those most easily heard in England are Radio Paris, Eiffel Tower, Radio Toulouse, Bordeaux-Lafayette and Strasbourg. There are many other less-known stations, such as the short wave Radio Beziers which is devoted to the interests of the wine trade and frequently describes the beneficial effects of drinking alcohol. But the five chief stations show certain common characteristics which mark them off, generally unfavourably, from the English stations. In the first place their most valuable hours, such as the mid-day hours of Sunday, have been wrested from the French nation altogether. Various English companies—gramophone companies, and even cigarette manufacturers—purchase the peak hours and radiate programmes openly addressed to English audiences. Secondly, each item is punctuated by advertisements, offensive or inoffensive. An unpleasant shock is given to an English listener when, after a lecture or concert, a bell is rung and he is asked if his teeth trouble him. Thirdly, we notice that there are very few experimental or unusual transmissions, either of music or drama, since advertisers are not convinced of their pulling power. Finally, as expenses have to be kept down when advertisers are not forthcoming, there is an utterly disproportionate amount of gramophone music—generally cheap and nasty—transmitted, which covers in the case of certain big stations as much as 40 per cent. of the total transmitting time.

The time of the Dutch stations of Huizen and Hilversum is divided among various associations of listeners. These societies are V.A.R.A. (the Workers' Radio Society), V.P.R.O. (Liberal Protestant Radio Society), K.R.O. (Catholic Radio Society), N.C.R.V. (Christian Radio Union), and A.V.R.O., the non-partisan society, which is the most important. Each of these societies has but a limited time, and is on tiptoe to make the best use of it for its propaganda. There is thus a disproportionate number of talks or of religious items. The musical items, although V.A.R.A. has had some good de Groot concerts, are of an uninteresting kind. These strictures, it is true, do not apply to the A.V.R.O. programmes, which reach a high level often comparable with that of the B.B.C. But this high level, it should be remembered, is largely due to the fact that the other societies have claimed for their own the items which are the most difficult problems for broadcasting directors—tendencious talks and religious items. A.V.R.O., on the ground that the other societies have enough of these disputable features, can build up a programme which ignores them.

None of these three systems, judged either by principles or by results, has any claims to superiority over the B.B.C. system. There remains the American system of pure private enterprise, which has led in the States to the erection of over 600 stations. It is not possible to give even the most brief account to cover such a diversity of voices. My own experience is limited to the dozen and a half New York and dozen odd Philadelphian stations. My listening extended over seven months, and rather more than one of these was almost wholly given to listening. I was struck by an illness which affected the eyes but not, I believe, the brain; I had scarcely any friends in New York; my mind and body were in that calm and yet febrile state of convalescence, with abnormally acute senses and yet empty of desire, in which I was content to lie and watch the patch of the sun on the ceiling appear, spread, move, change colour and vanish, and to listen to a portable wireless set just in reach of my hand. I heard everything that one set could hear—from early morning callisthenics to late night speeches in praise of President Hoover.

I found at once a great advantage that the United States system has over the B.B.C. There was always *something* on. It might be only gramophone records or two decrepit comedians who could get no other jobs, but at least there was something to distract invalids (the people most in need of the wireless), and not those vast silences of the mornings and the week-ends which the B.B.C. permits. It is not generally realised how fantastically small is the entertainment offered by the B.B.C. in the mornings. The total is, nearly invariably, this: A weather forecast, a very brief and mechanical Anglican service, and a fifteen minute household talk, often much below the usual B.B.C. standard. Sometimes there is a Baird Television broadcast, which only a score of wealthy experimenters can receive. At noon there comes on a cinema organ. New York is better served. Another item which is to be put to the credit of America is that the income of certain stations is so great that they can pay higher fees than the B.B.C. would ever think of, and consequently can call upon more world-famous artists.

But there are a great many items to be written in upon the debit side. Each station leases its time by hours or fractions of hours to advertisers, and the advertisers select the programmes, subject sometimes to a gentle censorship. They naturally always make the best financial use of their allotted hour, and almost invariably pick upon the most conventionally popular items. Once in a while an eccentric advertiser may try something out of the way, but his effort passes almost unperceived in the vast flood of mediocre "popular hits" and well-established musical "favourite numbers" which pours out from the American transmitters.

The more powerful stations, such as WABC, WJZ, WEAF and the whole Atwater-Kent chain, exercise severe limitations upon the direct advertising that they allow. But the weaker stations dare not do this, and the most grotesquely offensive matter is sometimes broadcast. The publicity matter of "The Brassiere You Love to Cuddle" was sufficiently startling to an English ear, but it was outdone by a programme in which "Roses are Blooming in Picardy" and a series of similar songs were sung, one after another, by the directors, managers and department heads of a Jewish fur-store. Odd, too, was the following announcement: "This is station . . ., New York, calling.

In a few seconds you will hear the eleven o'clock time signal. This will be given by the Blank leverless rolled gold watch, price five dollars, obtainable at all reputable department stores. Ping. That was the Blank rolled gold watch, obtainable, etc., etc."

Finally, it is to be observed that a recent report, described in the *New Republic*, indicates that some of the smaller stations have now *no listeners at all*. "Keyed" advertisements apparently proved that systematic production of the worst possible programmes had so discouraged listeners that nobody intentionally ever switched on to them. Private enterprise had run its full course in producing stations which had actually no function at all, except that of defrauding certain advertisers.

The results of adopting the American system in Great Britain would probably therefore be (1) an increase of the number of stations (which is not entirely a benefit); (2) a vast decline in the general quality of programmes; (3) the broadcasting of certain very expensive items now unobtainable; (4) the ending of certain of the best B.B.C. features, such as the Symphony Concerts, the educational broadcasts, and the Talks; and (5) a great deal of very offensive advertising.

R. W. POSTGATE.

TAKING SIDES

IT is difficult not to feel a little shocked when one turns over the pages of the programme at Wimbledon and comes on the "hints to spectators," drawn up by the lawn tennis authorities. "Please do not applaud a double fault," "Please do not confine your applause to one competitor, give the other his due"—can it be that in this sport alone English men and women require such instruction in the elements of good behaviour? One would imagine that in games that appeal to the angry passions, such as Rugby football, the spectators might need to be restrained by a gentle address to their higher natures, but never yet have I seen at Twickenham a printed homily against cheering when a member of a hostile team is carried off the field. Cricket, again, tame though it looks to the ignorant, is a game that assumes the proportions of a battle between nations, yet the M.C.C. issues no instructions to the spectators in regard to the decent distribution of applause. How does it come, then, that in the most ladylike of games—the game in which the refining influence of woman is more conspicuous than in any other—the spectators cannot be trusted to behave themselves without nursemaid advice of this sort? Lawn tennis is the game of the most civilised part of the community; yet the audience is apparently the least civilised to be found in any playing-ground. Perhaps the explanation is that cricket and football have been taken seriously long enough for a tradition of sportsmanship to have grown up among the spectators. It is only recently that lawn tennis has become an earth-shaking struggle between nation and nation, and the lawn tennis crowd is still unduly inflamed by the new militancy.

I do not know whether the "hints to spectators" were responsible for it, but on the day on which I visited Wimbledon the spectators were as even-handed in their applause as if they had been watching a cricket match. A few years ago there was an outcry in the press about the "disgraceful behaviour" of some of the spectators, especially women, at lawn tennis championship matches. I do not know if there were any disgraceful scenes this year; if there were, I missed them. Nor, indeed, can I understand how this charming game can excite human beings to a frenzy. It is true I am ignorant of its niceties. If I enjoy watching it, it is because I enjoy watching almost any human being hitting or kicking almost any kind of ball, but, even to see the greatest lawn tennis players in the world, I would not endure the miseries of the crowd that stands round the Centre Court in the stifling air of a heat-wave, I would rather sit down in comfort and watch a game between manikins than stand in a mob and watch a contest between giants past a policeman's neck. Hence I found a seat in a sun-bathed court where two ladies played without that fierceness which was rousing storms of applause in the more important courts. I was perfectly indifferent as to which of them would win—for two minutes. Then, gradually, I found the peace of my mind being invaded by the gusts of partisanship. Against my will I was taking sides; I wanted the little one to win. Perhaps this was because she was losing; perhaps it was only because she was little. But with every game my partisanship was growing stronger. I do not think I would have cheered if her opponent had served a double fault, but I should not have greatly regretted it. Then the little one began to win, my will-power coming to her aid with every stroke. When this happened, however, a wave of change swept over me. I began to be sorry for her taller opponent. The thought struck me that she was really the better player, and that it would be unfair if she were beaten. When she had lost two or three games I was strongly of her party. I felt no hostility towards the little one, who was indeed melting in the fierce sun to a point that would secure the sympathy of the hardest-hearted. But the tall one had my vote, and I should have felt a pang of disappointment if she had been defeated. Even when she began to win I remained loyal to her. I had become a partisan and felt in my breast the beginnings of those ardours that have in the past made so many spectators forget the principles of sportsmanlike behaviour.

Not to take sides in this fashion is for most of us impossible. We imagine that we could look on with mild impartiality at a game in which we have no particular reason for being interested—a game between human beings whose names we never heard before and who belong to nations that we neither like nor hate. But, we never look long without choosing our side. If I go to the Rugby match between the Army and the Navy, for instance, I have no prejudice that makes me wish for the victory of the one team rather than the other. Sentiment, perhaps, inclines me to the Navy, since I have always been happy at the seaside; and so I am all for the Navy at the beginning of the game. If the Navy looks like winning my sympathy veers violently round. It is now when the Army rush to the attack that my heart beats faster. I become as excited as when I am watching a horserace while a horse I have backed is fighting for victory. The emotion cannot be a very deep one, but it is for the moment real and absorbing. One's hands do not tremble as they do at a match in which the fate of one's school or one's country is involved; but the partisanship is there, a fire in the breast, and one lives the more intensely for it.

Even cricket, which should be the easiest of games to watch merely as a pleasant spectacle, divides us into rival camps, applauding, without prejudice good play on both sides but at the same time deeply prejudiced in our hearts. I have long since lost that passionate loyalty to one county that filled the summer with excitement during my childhood. In those days a Surrey victory made me unaccountably happy. I had never seen Surrey or known anyone who lived there, but the name was music in my ears. Even to-day I am not sure that "Surrey" is not the most beautiful word in the English language. But I no longer care whether Surrey wins or not. This year, indeed, I am a Gloucestershire man, next year I may be on the side of Kent. And I am a Middlesex man against any side except Gloucestershire. I saw Surrey batting against Cambridge on Saturday, and it gave me little pleasure to see them slowly piling up their four hundred runs. I was on the side of the bowlers, indeed, except when the batsmen woke up and hit out. I am by nature against a slow batsman except when he has made 90, and then I long for him to make 100. After that I long for him to be out. On the other hand, when a batsman hits out and puts his whole

strength into mighty stroke after mighty stroke, I drop any partisanship I may have been feeling for the bowling side and become vehemently pro-batsman. Cricket is nowadays so often played as if it were a grim uphill struggle that it is refreshing to see it played as if it were a cheerful downhill gambol. This was the spirit in which Fender played on Saturday. He was fortunate in the fact that the score was already so high that there was little need to be careful. But other batsmen had the same excuse for playing recklessly and Fender alone seized the opportunity. He ran out to meet the ball as though nothing less would content him than to drive it out of the ground. He drove it to all corners of the field in an inspiration of jocularity. Then, as all men must suffer for their virtues, the end suddenly came. He struck, and the ball flew through the air on its way for a six, only to be caught beautifully by a fielder on the boundary. It is this fate that awaits most of those who play cricket as it ought to be played. Not that Squires, who scored almost 200, could be accused of dull over-cautiousness. He, too, stepped out on the right occasion for a mighty wallop. But he lacked that last touch of recklessness that made Fender's innings so enjoyable. Professional cricket has made cricket a profession, and, as a rule, it is the amateurs nowadays who are to be found playing it as if it were a game.

Hence, during the match between Surrey and Cambridge, except when Fender was batting, I ardently wished to see the Surrey men bowled, caught, stumped, or run out—got out, indeed, on any excuse except leg-before-wicket, which seems to me the dullest of all ways to end an innings. And the crowd, even though it was a Surrey crowd, felt, I suspect, much the same. They were driven by the monotony of the batsmanship into becoming partisans of the bowling side, and their ironical shouts at times suggested that the time may come when "hints to spectators" will have to be printed on the match cards at cricket matches. For the crowd, whatever its partisan sympathies, will always take sides with brighter cricket. On this point I am at one with the crowd.

Y. Y.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

THOUGH the nation's weal be the statesman's care,
Yet his "self-respect" is his own affair;
And by cultivating his proper pride
He feels that his country is glorified.

So the man who puts first things first will aim
To serve and worship his own fair fame,
And wear unspotted through party strife
The pure white flower of a blameless life.

No party triumph his toil repays
Like the rich, ripe joy of a rounded phrase;
And his country's glories are stained and blurred
If he bears, unanswered, a wounding word.

So what does it matter if Tories win
And the tariff-mongers come trooping in;
If the Die-hards triumph; if Britain cease
To lead the world on the path to peace;

So long as at Snowden's feet are flung
The laurels due to a caustic tongue,
And the saintly Simon preserves unflecked
The sensitive plant of his self-respect?

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

RUSSIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We are indebted to Lord Lothian for bringing, in an address entitled "Renaissance or Decline?" the problem of the Russian Revolution into a clearer and a lighter air.

Those of us who have recently spent time in Russia and thought much of its problems may believe that that which is fundamental in this "re-birth" of a nation, as in every renaissance, is an idea. It is true that central in the Marxist doctrine is the challenge to private ownership, but it is a conception of a different kind that is gradually proving the more fertile and creative. It is a conception of a new social order for men. The attack upon existing institutions may be bitter, but that is because it is believed that the old must be destroyed in order that the new may live.

The governing idea, itself, is not new—it is very old. Perhaps it is usually latent, when not actively present, in human thought. It is just that conception that is in the mind of him who would make a garden. It is the thought of a soil that is prepared so that in it things shall grow as they may be needed.

Neither the methods that Russia has employed, nor the difficulties that stand in her way do I propose, here, to discuss, but it is interesting to note that there is nothing that can shock us in various features of the social order that Russia may be regarded as seeking to establish. Among the general aims—and we must admit that they are not always sought with impartiality—are the following:

1.—A completely rationalised Productive and Distributive system.
2.—Full and equal opportunities to all for Education, for Health and for General Well-being.
3.—An arrangement under which all incomes shall fall between a certain maximum and a certain minimum, the difference in the amount of the income of the most highly-paid worker and of the lowest-paid worker being not very great.
4.—The avoidance of an "unemployed" and of an "idle" class.

It is interesting, by the way, to notice that Communist and Capitalist countries are making some approach towards common standards. Payment by results is now, in Russia, even more firmly established than with us. While we, on the other hand, are adopting or are considering "limitations of inheritance," "limitation of maximum income" and "minimum standards" which have the effect, as they become operative, of bringing us nearer and nearer to the Russian practice of establishing incomes which do not greatly differ in different grades.

But, coming back to the Russian aims as we have stated them, what is there in these aims that we may not accept? Of course, in any event much must happen before these aims can receive a complete fulfilment. Whether there can be, as Lord Lothian seems to believe possible, a middle course towards their attainment, is an interesting question. The fulfilment of such aims does, one would suppose, necessitate a definite and coherent Plan. Such a Plan is an embodiment of certain ideas, and ideas so conceived and put into action do presuppose a single, even if a national, mind. Production such as we are now thinking of, and organisation such as we now conceive, do demand certain methods. I do not see that they demand less than that there shall be but one planning of production, and that the worker, of each and every class, must be available where his services shall be needed.—Yours, etc.,

Waltham St. Lawrence, Berks. EDGAR C. WILLIS.
June 26th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I read with much amusement your comment on the Metropolitan Water Board's action in turning down the Bolshevik tender for timber in favour of a higher Swedish tender. Having regard to the violent and intensive propaganda against our country and its institutions carried on by the Bolsheviks, to accuse Englishmen of political prejudice against them is like Satan rebuking sin.

I often wonder what principle THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION stands for, if any. On one page I read a detailed account of the Fascist Terror which ends up virtuously, "Repressive methods may be successful at first, but in the long run lead to disaster," and on another page, that if the Five Year Plan is

a success we shall have to reform our Western economic system with its confusion and chaos.

Ten years ago Lenin's beneficent attempt to force Communism on the Russians led to a greater number of deaths from starvation than those killed in the war. The Western economic system fed 11,000,000 for a year, after which Lenin graciously allowed the people to buy and sell as before. For this policy, which he called *new*, his admirers have been sounding his praises ever since. No confusion here! The Bolsheviks have now decided to evict 5,000,000 peasants from their farms; some have been arrested and sent to far-distant regions; others ordered to hand over their lands, stored grain, cattle and machinery without compensation to collective farms. If a peasant refuses he is sentenced to death as an enemy of the Soviet Government. I would like to know why you denounce Fascism. It is the direct outcome of Bolshevism. Is it because it is not repressive enough or do you want atheism and class war as well?—Yours, etc.,

Rosemount, Bath. ALLEN EVE.

[We have explained our general attitude in regard to Russia, and to its present agricultural policy, in our leading article this week. In regard to our correspondent's points: (1) The objection to turning down a cheaper offer for timber was on our account, not on Russia's. Why should the rate-payer's money be wasted? (2) There is no contradiction in regard to the "success" of Russia and Italy. Repression does have bad results in both countries but the Five Year Plan may nevertheless "succeed."—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

THE FASCIST TERROR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In the article "The Fascist Terror" in your issue of the 27th inst., your correspondent "recently in Italy," seems to have derived most of his information from the anti-Fascist propaganda pamphlets printed in Paris, Brussels, New York and other places very distant from the Italian frontier. Many of the statements can be neither confirmed nor denied without inquiry into the individual cases, but of others I can expose the inaccuracy from personal knowledge. Thus it is wholly untrue that Italians dare not receive anti-Fascists in their houses. I, who have been "recently in Italy," have met many anti-Fascists, some of them friends of mine, in the houses of Fascists and of people who are non-political. Not long ago I was at a party in a public tea shop where half the guests were Fascists and the rest anti-Fascists. Your correspondent, in spite of his recent visit to Italy, is evidently unaware that not a few well-known anti-Fascists hold university chairs in Italy, are members of Government committees dealing with non-political matters, and occupy positions in the civil service. It is only those who take an active part in seditious propaganda who get into trouble.

The figure of 3,000 *confinati* quoted by your correspondent is approximately accurate, but he forgot to add that the great majority of them—from three-quarters to four-fifths—are not politicals at all, but disreputable moneylenders, card-sharpers, procurers, men living on the earnings of prostitutes or otherwise connected with the white slave traffic, dealers in noxious drugs, persons guilty of or accomplices in illicit operations, and others who by no stretch of imagination can be regarded as desirable citizens. Nor is it true that they are condemned without trial. They are tried by a different procedure from that of the ordinary courts, they have a right to appeal, and very few of those condemned serve their full sentences; in many cases the *confino* is not on the islands, but in well-known holiday resorts, such as Cava dei Tirreni.

The Special Tribunal and the law for the Defence of the State are not permanent institutions, as your correspondent believes; their operation, which was to have ended in 1931, has been prolonged for five years more. A prominent English Liberal who recently attended the sessions of the Special Tribunal, wrote that he "got the impression that the atmosphere was not very different from what it would have been in England."

In one of your correspondent's stories I venture to think that he has fallen into an error of geography; in speaking of the treatment of certain Croatian prisoners he was surely referring to what happened and is happening to Croatians not in Italy but in Jugoslavia.—Yours, etc.,

1, Chester Terrace, LUIGI VILLARI.
Regent's Park, N.W.1.
June 29th.

[Our Correspondent writes: My knowledge of the leaflets referred to by Commendatore Villari is limited to a small green pamphlet published last month in London which I wrote myself. I agree with him that there are many anti-Fascists in the Italian Civil Service, universities and sometimes on Government committees, but that does not disprove my experience that their position, and especially their social life, is altogether unsatisfactory, involving continual persecution, ostracism and visions of unemployment.

A word about the 3,000 *confinati*. It is a figure which every Titus, Caius and Sempronius who returns from *confino* in Lipari, Ponza, Aquila or Nuoro will give you as a rough estimate of his *political* colleagues undergoing this treatment. They have told it to me so frequently that I am inclined to believe it.

As for the Croatians, they do, of course, live in Fiume and its hinterland, and a glance at the records of the Special Tribunal will convince Signor Villari that they frequently come up for trial in that court. That they and others have been subjected to the cruellest torture before trial is a fact for which I must rely on the integrity of my eye-witnesses. I know the same thing happens in Jugoslavia, but since when have two blacks made a white?

I must agree with my eminent political colleague who found the Special Tribunal so like an English court. It is the neatest and quietest room in the Roman Palace of Justice, and in the forty-odd trials I have been at the procedure was so rapid that you could have sworn there had been a dress rehearsal.

Only in England a man is not condemned to ten years' imprisonment because he voices his disapproval of the land tax, or believes, however mistakenly, that all men are equal.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DR. SPRAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I, as one of Dr. Sprague's audience at the meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, suggest that your comment on his address misrepresents it? Its object was—to use your own words—precisely to show that "the present crisis may not be solely, or even mainly, due to monetary causes in a narrow sense"; he did not "deny that banking policy can affect the price-level"—on the contrary, he defined the conditions under which it could affect the price-level; and he did not, so far as any discussion of remedial measures was relevant to his subject, "adopt an attitude of pure fatalism in face of our troubles."

May I suggest also that "the answer to Dr. Sprague," if you do not accept his thesis, must take the form of a refutation of his thesis, not of pointing to the awful consequences of accepting it. It would be as reasonable to "answer" a doctor who diagnosed diabetes, by saying that acceptance would involve the patient giving up sugar.—Yours, etc.,

Hurst Loop, Kenley. HENRY CLAY.
June 24th.

FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am reluctant to trespass still further upon your space, but the letter of Richard Sellier Jefferies in your issue of June 27th calls for a few words of reply. He says: "The whole idea of Mr. Bertrand Russell's group creation seems to be quite unhealthy." The fact is that no grown-up person suggested group creation to the children, and we were as surprised as your readers appear to have been at the discovery that the children like to write poetry in this way.

Does Mr. Jefferies suggest that I should punish them whenever they write a collective poem, on the ground that what they have been doing is unhealthy?—Yours, etc.,

Beacon Hill School, BERTRAND RUSSELL.
Harting, Petersfield.
June 27th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Like Miss Agnes Pirrie, I should be glad if more light could be thrown on the question "Whether besides through the intellect we understand actually through the avenues of the emotional nature and the physical body." On the answer which the biochemists, the physiologists, experienced teachers

and directors may give to this question, the right trend, pace and method of liberal education under a democracy will be found to turn.

In designing courses of liberal education for the whole community (no longer for a social minority or for an intellectual élite), should we be right in giving at least as much time to the training of the body as to the training of the conscious operations of the mind? And in "the training of the body" should we pay regard not only to vision, hearing, skill of hand and grace of movement, but also to the emotional states which affect the chemical controls in our bodies and issue in wordless judgments?—Yours, etc.,

Oxford. MICHAEL E. SADLER.
June 28th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One finds in Mr. Bertrand Russell's recent article and subsequent correspondence much that is both suggestive and provocative. Perhaps he would be good enough to say what his attitude would be towards the following practical problem, the case, in the writer's opinion, representing a type.

S. is 17, still at school, full of animal spirits, capable, but quite indifferent about lessons and appearing to get the most "kick" out of the self-assumed role of *l'enfant terrible*.

My sympathies are all the other way, but the other kind of treatment appearing to produce rather negative results, some form of the "heavy hand" which is applied neither at school nor at home, might be salutary. What does Mr. Russell say?—Yours, etc.,

London, N. "PUZZLED."
June 27th.

SPEECH DAYS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of June 27th I was greatly interested, if not pleased, to read Mr. Donald Barber's frank expression of his opinions on school Speech Days, and I entirely agree with him, but at the same time his tone was a little over anxious.

His question, as to why "prominent personages" express such antiquated views on citizenship, is a large one, but I think it is not untrue to say that in schools such as this every effort is made to attract the old aristocracy, because they have to compete with such schools as Eton, and also because certain sections of the community, notably those mentioned above, like to be doped into the belief that their sons are still leaders of the Empire.

He goes on to say that "it is a pity that such perverted advice should be given to boys of a great school"—Christ's Hospital—but, if he believes that such speeches as he refers to are taken seriously, he is misguided. At our Speech Day on Wednesday, the 24th, the Lord Mayor delivered a very similar speech to the one from which he quotes. It was received with a healthy scepticism and a true sense of humour. No doubt it is a pathetic performance, but as to its effects we may rest assured that they are in no sense derogatory to the schools.—Yours, etc.,

Temple House, Stowe School, Buckingham. M. CHANCE.

WHAT'S WRONG IN THE PROFESSIONS. I.—THE CHURCH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Presumably your correspondent, "An Anglican Parson," was instructed to write to the above title, and therefore cannot in justice be blamed for emphasising the dark rather than the light side of the Anglican Church as it is. It is therefore not the general fact that he uncovers skeletons that prompts this letter, but the belief that he uncovers the wrong ones. His arguments are chiefly directed against what he believes to be the haphazard way in which the ministry is recruited, and in which the recruits are treated once they have been gathered. I do not for a moment believe that his strictures represent an accurate statement of existing fact. But even if they did, there are many things much more seriously wrong, the power of party trusts to buy up advowsons, the inability of bishops to remove incumbents except for serious moral offences, and the constant strife between the extremists of one party and another.

The actual charges which the writer of the article levels are nearly always exaggerated and sometimes fantastic. The candidate for ordination who is "well meaning in an anæmic and ineffective sort of way" is far more often rejected by diocesan authorities than he thinks. Nor is it strictly accurate to say that the young deacon is master of the situation, and can choose between hundreds of jobs. Their area of choice is in practice limited by the bishop, and incumbents are not foolish enough to accept uncritically the very first man who offers himself to them. Nor is the path of a man seeking a second curacy always easy. Sometimes such men, though they have nothing against them, have to apply to six or seven parishes before they can find a post. It is not always a question of choosing just what they want. They quite often have to take what they can get.

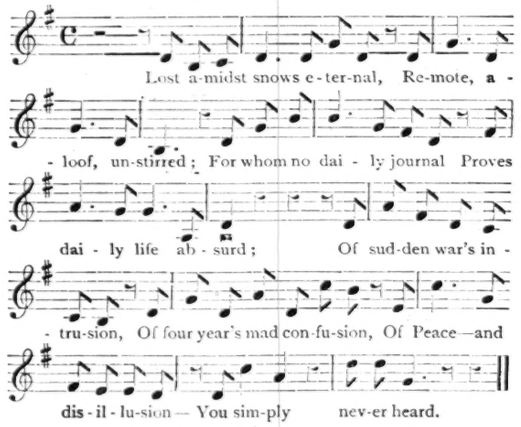
Also the examination which a deacon has to pass before he is ordained priest differs from diocese to diocese. In this diocese deacons do not study any of the subjects or books your correspondent mentions; and I should say that the examination here is stiffer and more practically useful to the candidate than the syllabus your correspondent outlines.

Finally, may I express my conviction that far more is right with the Church of England than is generally supposed? It is so often taken for granted, and repeated again and again, that churches are more than half empty, and that the clergy are a set of more or less ignorant obscurantists. Neither supposition is true. The Church at this moment is gaining ground faster than most critics believe, and though its work is not, for the most part, of a sort that can be tested either by statistics or reports, it goes on unceasingly, and those who have first-hand knowledge of it know that it is effective.—Yours, etc.,

8, Stephen's Rectory, Oak Bank, ROGER LLOYD.
Harpurhey, Manchester.
June 22nd.

A SCORE FOR MACFLECKNOE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I take the liberty of using you as a benevolent intermediary for handing over to Mr. MacFlecknoe the included very modest suggestion of a melody for his little satirical poem, "To the 'Lost Tribe' of Indigirka," in your issue for the 6th of June? During a holiday I have taken an innocuous pleasure in making the attempt, but—owing to my being a complete dilettante in music—I have not been able to provide the melody with an "accompagnement," of which, by the way, it were hardly worthy.

Lost a-midst snows e-ter-nal, Re-mote, a -
- loof, un-stirred; For whom no dai - ly journal Proves
dai - ly life ab - surd; Of sud-den war's in -
- tru-sion, Of four year's mad con-fu-sion, Of Peace—and
dis - il - lu-sion— You sim-ply nev-er heard.

Perhaps Mr. MacFlecknoe will take an, if exiguous, at least equally innocuous pleasure in seeing his kind of poetry appreciated even outside the English-speaking world. With best thanks.—Yours, etc.,

Folkehojskolen for Unge Handelsmedhjælpere. TR. BRONDSTED.
p. t. Kivik, Sweden.
June 22nd, 1931.

"THE HAPPY HORSE"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One felt grateful for "Y.Y.'s" searching and sympathetic article on this subject. As far as horses and ponies employed in mines are concerned—50,000 are still used in our pits as against 2,000 in Germany—I think that the great fear always to be

seen in the eyes of these animals underground is a sufficient indication as to their feelings. It is not too much to say that pit ponies and horses are perpetually in a state of fear. I also think it is fear that prevents so many from lying down in underground stables. Considerate colliery agents and managers have failed to induce pit horses to lie down, and long ago gave up the attempt to provide any bedding. It is rarely that bedding is seen in South Wales pit stables, and no bedding is given in mine stables in several other coalfields. The horses and ponies, in such cases, never lie down ; they sleep on their feet !

In Notts and Yorkshire, pit ponies have for some years been injured and killed by accidents alone at the rate of *one in every four*, and in Monmouthshire (whence the Olympia pit horses came) the horses were killed and injured by accidents alone at the rate of one in every five in 1930 ! These few facts will serve to show that the pit horse can never be happy.—Yours, etc.,

Pit Ponies' Protection Society, D. JEFFREY WILLIAMS,
82 Boundary Road, London, N.W.8. Secretary.
June 29th.

THE ENGLISH—ARE THEY HUMAN ?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The review of this book in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of June 13th, by Mr. Francis Birrell, contains one very remarkable statement. He says that " the public schools were hardly going " when Jane Austen wrote. Is he entirely ignorant of the dates of foundation of the earliest public schools ? Winchester was founded in 1387, Eton in 1440-1441, Harrow in 1571. Jane Austen's first book was written between 1796-1797, though not published till later.

The three original public schools had certainly had time to " get going " by then ! Perhaps none of Mr. Birrell's remarks about public schools are to be taken seriously ?—Yours, etc.,

9 Cecil Court, E. M. KEATE.
South Kensington, S.W. 10.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Is not Culbertson, the American Bridge Wizard, becoming too much of a fetish in the English Bridge world ? Our friend Caliban says, " The Culbertson minimum is so-and-so " ; and again in the same letter, " Culbertson would almost certainly lead so-and-so." Well, let Culbertson do this and that ; is no one else to have any ideas about the game ? It appears, from reading the articles and correspondence on the subject, that one is not allowed to think for oneself about Contract Bridge, but must only do what Culbertson (U.S.A.) says is right. Culbertson has written a long book on Contract Bridge, and apparently this is the Bridge Bible. Is one not allowed to have ideas of one's own, if they conflict with St. Culbertson ?—Yours, etc.,

6 Bernard Mansions, Bernard Street, W.C.1. H. C. SCOTT.
June 29th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am one of those readers who vastly enjoy Caliban's articles as adding a savoury relish to your more solid articles. His bidding of the June 13th hand made me rejoice that he was not acting as my partner in a " duplicate " match, and I entirely agree with Mr. Lunn's criticism of his advice on that hand. In your issue of June 27th the unrepentant Caliban actually defends this bidding, and takes shelter behind Mr. Culbertson. But he misrepresents both Mr. Culbertson's theory and his practice. Mr. Culbertson does not regard a hand of 13 cards divided in four suits of 1, 4, 4, 4 as a desirable no-trump distribution, and he would not feel at all happy in playing three trumps on such a hand unless he had reason to expect reinforcements for his singleton spade from his partner. So much for Mr. Culbertson's principles. In practice, the Culbertson enthusiasts do not hesitate to try a secondary call of a suit which is not quite strong enough for a primary call. Whether the cited hand can score three no-trumps or four hearts is beside the point. The North hand announces that it is not worth much, and in Americanese is almost a " bust." If Mr. Culbertson were playing the South hand he would foresee the possible loss of four tricks in spades at a no-trump declaration, as the enemy probably have two cards of re-entry ; and he would unquestionably test out a heart call, which his partner would support as more promising than the call of five diamonds, which is the real alternative.

Reference to Colonel Buller's record of the Anglo-American contract test matches will supply ample evidence of these secondary calls in suits which do not quite reach the requirements for an initial call.—Yours, etc.,

Bexhill-on-Sea. B. H. DAVIES.

Miscellany

DUNKERQUE—PARIS LINE

FOR G. R. M.

THE ash suddenly flames,
The hair turns black from grey:
Something expected and seen:
All those heroic names,
Lens, Vimy and Bethune,
Fouquereil, Noeux-les-Mines,
Arras and La Bassée,
Pass by his unmoved train.
Over the fields of June
Breaks, breaks the old rain,
Creeps back a breath of cold.
And the faintly pock-marked land
And the trees that are twelve years old
And the miners' houses that stand
So proud and neat in their rows
—Only here and there a sort
Of a queer uneasy tangle
Where an old desolation shows—
Albert and Mericourt,
The same old golden Virgin !—
It is all somehow the same
As another place he has seen:
Some other name:
Something he did not mean.
Sedgemoor. Towton. Flodden.
Aegospotami.
Lost battles. Lost, lost.
The end of a broken rhyme.
But in the blink of an eye
He comes back. Though still tossed
A few years out of time:
Billets; roads; rides;
That old mud;
Something nasty that hides
Almost forgotten,
Unexploded, a dud,
Something sweet and rotten.
Back, back to the train:
This is no more,
No more that fire,
No more that old rain,
No more those white stones
On your friends' graves, no more
They hang on the wire,
All April, all May.
Turn back then, turn back, say
No more, no more,
Oh not, oh not again,
No more for my sons,
Born since then.
I will get them away from the guns,
They shall have what the years shall bring,
For I will buy their release.
I will stop this thing.
They shall have peace.

NAOMI MITCHISON.

STAGE SENTINELS

GREED can be as imperious on occasion as any other passion, and compel its victims to play many a fantastic trick before high heaven. It is pitiful to find that under its sedulous impulsions our early players were foolish enough to commit the one ugly blunder twice, and, after having unwittingly fashioned a rod for their own backs in the beginning, gained so little wisdom by sad experience that, following a period of amendment, they could relapse into their old folly, and in so doing put a brake on dramatic progress for fully half a century. The custom of allowing the flaunting gallants to infest the stage in Shakespeare's early day not only, in contemporary phrase, "wronged the general eye very much," but proved exceedingly hampering to the players. It is custom, however, rather than conscience, that makes cowards of us all, and no one had the hardihood to essay the belling of the cat until Charles I, near the close of his reign, took the matter in hand, and issued an order forbidding the presence of spectators on the stage.

When the new type of theatre came in with the Restoration, attempts were made to renew the old practice, and that in despite of the fact that there was now a definite pictorial background to injure; but old Rowley, being himself an occasional playgoer, saw to it that there was no backsliding. Again and again he iterated his father's mandate. In the last decade of the century, however, when the glorious, pious and immortal Dutchman who occupied the throne took no particular interest in the theatre, and a spirit of rank commercialism sprang up in the conduct of theatrical affairs, the players returned dog-wise to their vomit. With the bloods of the town haunting the wings disorder ensued, and the presence of a military guard became necessary. Much to the outraging of scenic illusion, an armed grenadier was stationed during the performance on either side of the proscenium arch, with his face to the audience. Since he was doing sentry-go, he was not supposed to concern himself with the traffic of the scene, but, as acting in those days was kept well to the front, he occasionally got absorbed in the play, and sometimes, by his naive exhibition of emotion, afforded amusement to the audience. A story of Drury Lane which Steele told in the nineteenth number of the *Guardian*, is not only illustrative of this, but, seeing that it was published in April, 1713, enables us to arrive closely at the period when the stage sentinels first went on duty. Writes Steele:

> It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiment we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen in Banks' popular tragedy of *Virtue Betrayed*. One of the sentinels who stood on the stage, to prevent the disorders which the most unmanly race of young men that ever was seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Piercy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears, upon which the greater part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter, which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion of shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Piercy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart, and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

Theatrical anecdote, more than any other sort, has seductive adaptiveness (the main reason why it is rarely credible), and it proves amusing to trace the variants on Steele's sentimental theme. A writer in the *Universal Spectator*, in 1742, retells the story unblushingly as a personal experience of a few years back, while witnessing the tragedy of *Venice Preserved* at Old Drury, and dwells on the agonising emotion experienced by the unsophisticated grenadier. Evidently by his time, however, the price of real tears had gone up, for he ends by saying:

> The spectators were so much affected with the fellow's simple, honest heart, that they applauded him with a loud clap. But when a noble duke (then the head of the Army) who was behind the scenes, heard of it, he then sent for him and gave him a guinea, telling the gentlemen around him he was sure he was an honest and brave fellow.

So bounteous a reward was enough to raise a regiment of lachrymose grenadiers, and may have done so, but in that case, over-supply caused a slump in the return. Note how John Thomas Smith tells the story in that delightful "olla podrida," *A Book for a Rainy Day*:

> On a night when Mr. Garrick was acting the part of Lear, one of the soldiers who stood on the stage blubbered like a child. Mr. Garrick, who was as fond of a compliment as most men, when the play was over, sent for the man to his room and gave him half a crown.

Not all the yarns told about the old stage grenadiers harp, however, on the one string. In a letter written to a friend in 1740, after a visit he had paid to Covent Garden to see Rich's pantomime of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, César de Saussure gives a glowing account of the thrills of the evening, not the least of which was created by a wonderful mechanical serpent:

> The serpent that killed Eurydice is of enormous size; and is covered all over with gold and green scales and with red spots; his eyes shine like fire, and he wriggles about the stage with head upraised, making an awful but very natural hissing noise. The first night this pantomime was given the King was here, and I had the good fortune to be present. One of the two grenadiers of the guard, who are posted at either side of the stage with their backs turned to the players, noticed the serpent only when he was at his foot, and the reptile was so natural that the man dropped his musket, and, drawing his sword, made as though he would cut the monster in two. I do not know whether the soldier was really alarmed, or whether he was acting, but if so, it was admirably done, and the spectators laughed again and again.

For aught we know to the contrary, the thing may have been the device of the astute Rich to heighten the illusion by pressing the normally stolid stage grenadier into the service of the scene. Somewhere about the same period, say a lustrum later, Aaron Hill, the dramatist, conceived an idea of the sort, but apparently it never was put into execution. He wrote a prologue for Peg Woffington, intended "to be spoken in the new Blue Uniform," in the course of which she was to stride over to one of the red-coated stage guards and shake him warmly by the hand. For some reason that handclasp was never given, but when Hill's collected works came to be published in 1753, the aborted prologue found its way into print.

It was not until about 1768 that the players were enabled to get rid of their Old Man of the Sea, and boast a clear stage and every favour. Oddly enough, though that was the last of the stage grenadier as an institution, it by no means marked the end of the stage guard. It was still pressed into service on special occasions. When Pierce Egan's *The Life of an Actor* fell from the press in 1825, it had a composite, semi-allegorical coloured frontispiece, the upper part of which, a vision in the clouds, is labelled "Royalty witnessing the efforts of genius." It depicts a scene on the stage, with royalty peeping from an upper stage box, and two beefeaters standing on guard immediately below on the verge of the apron. This practice on command nights lasted until Queen Victoria, on her widowhood, ceased visiting the theatre. And thereby hangs my final tale. On one occasion, when the Queen honoured Her Majesty's with her presence, Wright, the popular low comedian, was billed to play his favourite part of Simmonds, in the farce of *The Spitalfields Weaver*. So far from feeling nervous, he was in such high spirits that he committed the supreme audacity. On coming on, he looked about him perplexedly, puzzled to know where to hang his hat; finally a bright idea struck him; he lumbered

over to where the two beefeaters stood beneath the royal box, and quietly placed his beaver on top of one of their halberds. Funny beyond words, no doubt; but the point of the story is that neither of the sturdy Yeomen of the Guard as much as moved an eyebrow.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

An Ugly Play

PROBABLY nothing more slickly unpleasant (apart from a few films) has crossed the Atlantic than *Late Night Final*, now being presented at the Phœnix. It is an ugly play which somehow has an air of enjoying its own bustling savagery—this perhaps because Mr. Weitzenkorn, the author, is far more interested in the workings of the Yellow Press than in the personalities of its victims, whether they are editors whose souls and stomachs at last turn on them or harmless little people cursed with a news value. We contemplate with a just loathing the antics of the "Rev." Isopod, Religious Editor of the *Evening Gazette*, whose task it is to smear with "uplift" the tasty pabulum provided by that paper for its readers. But when we join righteously in those fervent denunciations in the last act, may we not suspect that we too are receiving a consolation similar to the one he offers—squaring our consciences, as it were, for the fact that we have enjoyed the excitements which went before? Perhaps it is as well that Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, on whom the rolling eye of the *Gazette* is turned, are so faintly drawn. Had they made any more intimate appeal the play would have been intolerable. Even as it was, Miss Louise Hampton's simple, tired pathos was, for a few moments, pitiful and heartrending. Curiously enough, the editor (superbly played for all the part was worth by Mr. Raymond Massey) is considerably more human, chiefly because his problem—that of a double standard of morality—is one which has vexed the souls of those in authority since the world began. It would be shallow to suppose that Randall clings to his job of smut-hunting because he is paid so highly. Newspapers, like religions and nations, have a trick of smothering individual consciences in those that serve them. The trick works less frequently, since rationally the strange loyalty is exceedingly difficult to justify; but loyalty itself is, as often as not, a queer habit rather than a mystic faith, and Mr. Massey, if not the author, manages to suggest this quality in Randall's make-up.

The production—also Mr. Massey's—is fussily fast, like a film, with rapid and often meaningless scene changes, made possible by a revolving stage and a series of small "sets" placed about the main one. Putting aside the question of whether it is worth doing, the job is done supremely well.

"The Bedford"

At the end of the week The Bedford at Camden Town goes talkie. It had long ceased to be a regular music-hall, most of the programmes being the usual touring, twice-nightly revues of the provinces. And yet it managed to keep a character of its own. The jokes on the stage about Camden Town were, of course, the comedians' common tricks, but the audience, and the theatre with its dingy gilt circles, flamboyant plaster nymphs, and leaning-rail along one side of the stalls, were thoroughly local. It cannot have changed much since the early days of the Camden Town Group, when Sickert and others painted the façade and crowded bar-room and spectral "gods" hanging over aloft. It was known as the "Family Theatre" and it bore out this name. Marie Lloyd preferred its atmosphere (which was pretty thick) to that of any other music-hall in London, and one of her last appearances was at The Bedford, though she had been specially asked to appear at the Coliseum. The audience was always good, whatever the performance. In its new guise of talkie-palace (1,000 seats at 6d. and under), this audience will become discreetly anonymous, and one of the best bits of Camden Town will be lost.

Joan the Saint

The Passion of Joan of Arc, at the Academy Cinema, is a film of faces—the faces of Joan, her accusers, and the English soldiers set against the white background of the court and the sky. Only the trial and the burning are shown, and these are compressed into the short space of an hour and a half. The close-ups, which bring the figures in the trial almost oppressively near, are in themselves so remarkably patterned and juxtaposed that the simplification of the drama and the characters which results is never too obvious. The conflict is a simple one—a saint tricked and beaten down by the inquisition. Never for one moment in the film are Joan's judges other than crafty accusers, and Joan herself is a martyr from the beginning. Within these limits Dreyer has succeeded in giving a fine and moving portrait of Joan. Miss Falconetti is made to act almost entirely with her face, and it is a remarkable achievement that in this way she succeeds completely in suggesting a Joan who is simple, brave, and sure of her faith, but bewildered and pathetically beaten by cleverness; she never becomes merely statuesque and monotonous. She has an indefinable touch of the man, which she does not understand herself and which to me is more effective than the broader landgirl streak in Shaw's Saint Joan. I felt surer, too, of her visions (which she does not attempt to describe). The other figures of the court are not sharply characterised, but they make a remarkably convincing gallery of faces in the *genre*. The general effect of the film is one of continuous suspense rather than of a series of climaxes. It ends, most effectively, after Joan's death, with a riot in the market-place; for the first time one sees people, quickly moving, in the distance.

* * * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, July 4th—
Trinity College Choir and Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 3.
Athletics, Amateur Championships, Stamford Bridge.

Sunday, July 5th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The New North and South," Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, July 6th—
"Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien," Covent Garden.
Cricket, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Lord's.
Rifle Shooting, International Meeting, Bisley.
"Measure for Measure," Fortune Theatre.
"The Love Game," by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and Ralph Neale, Prince of Wales Theatre.

Tuesday, July 7th—
"La Princesse Cygne," "David," "Bolero," conducted by Maurice Ravel, Covent Garden.
Royal Agricultural Show, Warwick.
"Nina Rosa," Lyceum Theatre.

Wednesday, July 8th—
"Les Noces de Psyche et de L'Amour," "Nocturne," "La Valse," conducted by Maurice Ravel, Covent Garden.
Flower Show, Sweet Peas, Horticultural Hall.
"The Fountain of Youth," by Graham Robertson and Alfred Reynolds, and "The Piper," by Herbert Ferrers, Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Thursday, July 9th—
"La Dame aux Camelias," Covent Garden.
"Mrs. Fischer's War," by Henrietta Leslie and Joan Temple, Ambassadors Theatre.

Friday, July 10th—
"Nocturne," "Orphée," "Bolero," conducted by Maurice Ravel, Covent Garden.
Cricket, Eton *v.* Harrow, Lord's.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IS there anything at all like them to-day? There was not long ago Mr. William Gaunt's fascinating and even brilliant book about London life; but clever as his drawings are, keen as is his satire, he covers a thin and exiguous ground compared to that over which flew at consummate ease the genius of George du Maurier, of Charles Keene and of John Leech. It is useless, too, to tell anyone who in childhood revelled in those volumes where the best work of these artists and of Tenniel was collected that *Punch* is as good as ever it was, if only we would think so. It is simply not true. One or two indispensable contributors manage at times to insinuate something which may remind the complacent that this is the paper in which Jerrold wrote and Thackeray, in which appeared *The Song of the Shirt*, in which the work of the radical and the grievances of the poor were alike found. *Punch* long ago, when Frank Burnand left (a dropping, no doubt, as inevitable as that of another pilot), was made safe for the country houses; and freedom of thought is about as hard to find in its prosperous columns as freedom of rhythm. I do not object to Mr. Punch's politeness, to his continued desire to be read and looked at freely by everyone in the most particular of houses; he would gain little, and lose much, by imitating certain aspects of *Le Rire* or of *Simplicissimus*. But I miss in his pages, that richness, that breadth of sympathy, that hearty vulgarity, that inspired commonness which we had in the old *Punch*. The London Charivari has, like the London music-hall, degenerated into a review.

* * *

In our household the volumes in which Mr. Punch's artists issued their collected drawings were known simply as *Punch*. There were three volumes of Tenniel, three or more of Leech, one of Keene, two of du Maurier—these last I can remember being published. There is no doubt that the favourite volumes were those that contained John Leech's work. This was natural enough. If Leech never attained to Keene's sheer craftmanship or to Tenniel's rather sculpturesque dignity, his range was far wider, his fancy livelier, and his gusto as great as Forain's or Steinlen's. Then, if one was a child who read carefully the names of illustrators, one knew Leech as the man who had done some terribly fascinating things for the *Ingoldsby Legends*. It is true one knew Tenniel as the incomparable, the only decorator of the two Alices (I see Marie Laurencin, of all strange competitors, has been persuaded by a Par-American firm of publishers to join Tenniel's profane rivals), but to a devotee of Alice, Tenniel in his political cartoons was rather disappointing, and at times terrifying in rather too realistic a fashion. The "General February" gave grave discomfort to one born in that dangerous month; and there was a haunting, murderous cartoon of two Americans, North and South, fighting with knives over a precipice. Leech's *Ingoldsby* drawings had a strong appeal to the imaginative child; their terror was fantastic and grotesque, belonged to a different world from that of everyday and was somehow justified and made intelligible by the knowledge that he could do such entrancingly funny drawings as well.

* * *

Mr. Gordon Tidy, Rector of Stanton St. Quintin, in Wiltshire, in his *A Little About Leech* (Constable, 10s. 6d.) evidently prefers the Leech of *Punch* and the Surtees novels. I will not swear he is wrong; but I find myself questioning his judgment. Leech's drawings and Leech's drawings alone made tolerable to me the dreadful facetiousness of *The Comic History of England* and *The Comic History of Rome*. These illustrations may perhaps be said to be in the manner of the drawings for Surtees' novels. Where I feel sure Mr. Tidy is wrong is in his derogatory comments on some of Leech's commissioned efforts in the macabre. He never read, by the light of a doubtful candle, Albert Smith's *Marchioness de Brinvilliers*, or he would not write of "the stilts and struts" of Leech's illustrations, nor compare them to the galleries of Madame Tussaud—not that it might not be a trifle eerie to be left locked up in Tussaud's galleries after dark. Certainly I can still remember the horror, the cold and deathly chill, that I felt at some of those presentations of the vile Marchioness and her lover, Sainte Croix, just as I recollect the shudder aroused by some of the drawings for Ingoldsby. No other English artist, except Mr. S. H. Sime, has had such a mastery over the comic and the grimly horrible as had John Leech. Mr. Tidy does justice to Leech's social drawings, those designs in which he could make prosperity ashamed, and was glad to show himself aware of the London poor.

> In *Punch* appeared the "Homeless Poor," which, in its tragedy and pathos, is nothing less than awful. The two barefoot and nigh-naked boys as they stand starving and shivering in the cold and cheerless doorway—one of them with prison-cropped hair—make a truly terrible picture. It is impossible to conceive of a more powerful design more powerfully carried out. Russell Sturgis published a Leech article in *Scribner's Magazine* (1879) in which article he said: "It is not customary to consider Leech as an unfortunate man, an artist who never had a chance; but an essay could be written treating of his art from that point of view—as showing noble talents never rightly employed, rare gifts unsuspected by contemporaries, and a tragic force which he hardly suspected himself."

* * *

Mr. Tidy's book is illustrated by reproductions of some of Leech's lesser-known designs, especially from the *Illustrated London News*. They are well-chosen to give an idea of the artist's power to represent English country life. Leech's limitations are obvious. Partly they spring from his extraordinary fecundity. Just as Sir John Gilbert lacks variety in the portrayal of character, so does John Leech. I am afraid Mr. Tidy will be shocked if I admit that, when a schoolboy, I got rather tired of Leech's pretty ladies—they contrasted badly with Keene's much more varied women. Still his ladies *are* pretty, and he has a power of crowded composition, both indoor and out-of-door, that is excelled by no illustrator of his day. The vigour and life, the movement and colour of some of the hunting scenes achieve a result which more solemn and laborious artists—Frith, for instance, who wrote a patronising biography of Leech—never quite attained. In no genuine sense can Leech be called a caricaturist; for a caricaturist must have in him a strong desire both for satire and for criticism of things as they are. It was here that the great English caricaturists excelled. The sensitive may deplore the taste and lament the extravagance of Gillray and Rowlandson; but as weapons of attack these artists' drawings made even the fiercest of Mr. Punch's artists appear too gentle, too refined for sincerity. There is no question of Leech's sincerity on solid problems, any more than there is of Hood's, but it is not the spirit of satire, but the spirit of pity and compassion, that governed both the poet and his companion. Leech could be satirical about the past; he could be tragic and terrible about the wickedness of his own day, but he had nothing of that nicely destructive genius which compels a man to question the accepted conventions of his time. There is a celebrated pair of drawings, reproduced by Mr. Tidy, "Foxhunters in the Good Old Times," and "Foxhunters in These Degenerate Days." The latter shows a party of vapid and polite men and women, chatting and singing in weary sobriety, after a day's hunting; the other shows us an eighteenth century inn-parlour, in which ten hunters, mostly drunk, are singing and yelling. No doubt the polite behaviour is better; but to a genuine caricaturist it would have occurred that the other scene was more appropriate, that the beastly business of hunting, of breaking the fox, of dabbling in its blood was more suitably symbolised and celebrated in drunken orgies over the punch-bowl and the clay pipe than in the yawning ceremony of negus, ratafias and drawing-room ballads.

RICHARD SUNNE.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY

Thomas Hardy; A Critical Study. By ARTHUR McDOWALL. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

It has been made extremely difficult for any critic of to-day to put Hardy the novelist on a level with Hardy the poet. Anyone who would do so has to face not only the whole brunt of the best "highbrow" opinion, but, what is far more formidable, the overwhelming conviction of Hardy himself—who was anything but a "highbrow." In later life he spoke with the utmost impatience of anyone who insisted on regarding him as a novelist rather than a poet. He was heard once to complain of importunate American visitors who would interrupt any remarks about his poems with: "And now, Mr. Hardy, tell us something about your *real* work." A critic may well shrink from classing himself among those inquisitive Americans. Mr. McDowall is courageous, but he is not as courageous as that. He evidently wants to take Hardy's view, which is also the "correct" view. But he does not commit himself to it, and we observe, also, that he does not commit himself against it. He is content to say that "Hardy was a poet, by choice and nature and performance . . . He was a poet in essence." But he adds: "Some of his greatest poetry is to be found in his novels." When he opens the discussion with the novels, and says "to take them out of their priority in time is to pass, virtually, a sweeping judgment of value," he deliberately and frankly suspends judgment.

Does his own analysis of Hardy's work justify this non-committal attitude? I think not. Before we come to any conclusion we ought to distinguish between what Hardy may have been supremely qualified to do, and certainly wanted to do, and what he actually did. That he was born a poet there can be no question. After examining his novels alone Lionel Johnson was compelled to compare him before all others, not with another novel-writer, but with a great poet—with Wordsworth. That was a testimony to the poetic quality of his mind by one who had never known that Hardy could write fine poetry in metrical form. Few will deny the superb lyrical quality of Marty Smith's lament in *The Woodlanders*, and there are hundreds of passages in the novels which make a comparable effect upon our minds. It is possible that if Hardy had been free to choose he would have written no novels at all, and would have devoted himself wholly to verse. But he was not free to choose. If, with him, we deny the supremacy of his novels, we have to conclude that the main work of his middle life was devoted to his second-best, and that most of his supreme work was the work of his old age.

Perhaps it was. But let us consider how this agrees with Mr. McDowall's analysis. I suppose it will be admitted that the greatest works of any writer are those which bear the most distinctive and ineffaceable imprint of what is most essential in his mind and imagination. Now Mr. McDowall brings before us—how could he not?—that "momentous opening chapter" in *The Return of the Native*, which, he says, is "the fullest achievement of Hardy's prose and, in its evocation of the spirit of a place, unexcelled by any English prose."

> These few pages have the gradual march of a symphony. Three strands are intertwined in it; a living sense of the heath, an expression of Hardy's mind and a reflection of the lot of humanity.

Now in all the greater novels these three elements exert their utmost force, producing together the supreme "Hardy" effect. If any one of them were removed—Nature, in her sweeter or her wilder moods; Humanity, breathing and passionate; or Destiny, cruel in her blindness—the result would be infinitely less. Of these three elements it is only the last, the mighty forces of the Unconscious Will, that in *The Dynasts* is given full value. Mr. McDowall points out that "the background of *The Dynasts* leaves little security for human values." Can the Pities, we might ask, ever speak with the sure voice of Marty Smith, or does Nature ever reach us, in this epic, as it does through the spaces of Egdon Heath and the "Forest-world" of *The Woodlanders?* And if they do not, have we sufficient compensation in the majesty of the impression which, as Mr. McDowall says, *The Dynasts* leaves, "that we have seen the world in a great vision"? The measure of appreciation which he metes out to the manifold and compelling powers of the novels, and his halting praise of *The Dynasts*, shows us what Mr. McDowall's answer, if he were perfectly candid, would be. Moreover, if we had never read the novels could we possibly understand *The Dynasts*? Is not that fuller and sweeter account of human life and the fate which wrecks it essential to any grasp of Hardy's meaning in the epic drama?

That sweeter and more human life comes before us again and again in his short lyrical poems, which, written as they were under the impulse of strong feeling, at odd moments during his life, show us his mind evoking romance or stirring the embers of dead passion in a world lit for him by imagination, warmed by sympathy, and turned by his sense of tragedy to regret or irony. Mr. McDowall rightly says that in his prose and verse alike the subject was all in all. "It is the feeling that speaks to us." And when it was less strong he had no sure tact in the use of words to preserve felicity of diction. Lionel Johnson said much the same thing, when he pointed out that Wordsworth and Hardy "both go lumbering over low ground, when they relinquish their accustomed heights." But it is only fair to Hardy to add that the "low ground" was not the ground of his intellectual choice, as it was with Wordsworth, but the ground where birth and instinct took him more surely.

> Any little old song
> Will do for me

he sang in one of his gayer moods—for Hardy could be gay, as Wordsworth never could. With that sort of freedom he approached many of his lyrical poems—the works of his choice. They were his more "spontaneous utterance," and he loved it best. But Mr. McDowall's admirably measured and appreciative study serves to show us, I think, that though Hardy's work would never have been complete, never rounded off, without his verse, his essential spirit was most firmly engraved in his prose fiction.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

A VISION OF WAR

The Cross of Carl. By WALTER OWEN. With a Preface by GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON. Grant Richards. 5s.

This surprising book is described as "an allegory—the story of one who went down into the depths and was buried; who, doubting much, yet at the last lifted up his eyes unto the hills and rose again and was transfigured." That suggestion need not leave us wildly guessing; and in any case we shall soon be insensitive to literary comparisons with Jesus, because, bearing a cross, in letters, may mean no more than what a soldier would call "fatigue-duty"; though when a mere soldier is through with fatigue he does not, as a rule, lift sad eyes to the hills, but looks hopefully elsewhere, at ground level.

Sir Ian Hamilton, in his preface, declares that never in his life has he come across anything quite like the *Cross of Carl*. He compares it to the works of certain masters which have made us question our realities in alarm, or have thrown shadows from what our eyes cannot see. The General is but just to the book, for certainly it does invoke, with its echoes and reverberations, memories of what is remarkable in English prose; and its imagery is so impolite and extravagant that it would be wrong to call it audacious, for occasionally it has the astonishing release of a child's or a madman's phrase.

We should like to know more about its writer. It appears the Censor declined in 1918 to allow Messrs. Melrose to publish this book, on the ground that "it would have an influence antagonistic to the belligerent spirit which it was the policy of the Government to foster." This is puzzling, for there were plenty of critics, in those days, who would have welcomed it, in hasty and hearty error, as good anti-Kaiser propaganda. Carl was a German. Even a veritable "Kadaver-factory"—wired bundles of corpses and vats and all—appears in the book. What more could a Censor want? And Carl is, as it were, crucified, but before dying he warns two august figures, easily to be recognised, of the wrath to come. It puzzles us that the Censor rejected such a document, especially as we do not remember that there was any compulsion on publishers to submit books to the Censor.

The Kadaver-factory—never to be dismantled, for it will be preserved for ever as a classical example of what intelligence finds easy to believe of a treacherous foe when inspired by Mars—is no horrid joke in this book. It is veritable. It is not propaganda. It is the war; it is the machinery for the conversion and destruction of life. It is used as a shocking image; Golgotha has the Imperial emblem at its portal, and is altogether an august and worthy institution, as inevitable as banks and Parliament in a State which must follow the destiny and world mission imposed upon it by self-interest and its acceptance of the omnipotence of Mammon. Carl, a good-natured man, whose wife awaits him at home, finds himself in the Kadaver-factory, wired to other lifeless nobodies after the attack on Hill 50.

It appears the author of this book could not take part in the war because of a physical affliction. Yet his picture of the

attack on Hill 50, in the first chapter, called Gethsemane, might have been written by a soldier whose prosaic mind had been turned dithyrambic and terrible through his experience. "The air, too, was become the playground where in a carnival of passion immense presences danced with feet nimbler than the doe and wings swifter than swallow-wing. Their leap was whirlwind and the brush of their passing pinions vertigo unnamable." That chapter somehow conveys a sense of downfall and eclipse, and of the hypnosis of a man moving in it, at last beyond horror and dismay. The author, in a note on his book, tells us his physical affliction drove him to opium, at a time when he was increasingly preoccupied with the moral and spiritual issues of the war. He suffered from melancholia and emotional crises, but at length reached a phase which was "a sense of spiritual completeness and exaltation." He had "polylocationary consciousness," and "voluntary heteræsthesia," and an "obliteration of the psychic diaphragm normally existing between the conscious and subconscious elements of personality."

It is not usual to preface a literary document with a medical certificate, as a possible explanation to a reader of the basis of a forthcoming adventure of the mind, even when its chapters are Gethsemane, Golgotha, Sepulture, and Resurrection. We hope it may not become a practice. We do not feel sure that in this case it is at all helpful. We would much rather learn whether Mr. Owen has written anything since 1918. It may be that the *Cross of Carl* tumbles before he can quite convince us. For that matter, so does Melville's *Pierre*. Yet the conception sufficiently disturbs. We imagine in it the murmurings and awful lights of apocalypse. And not only is Melville suggested by the book, but the ease and spaciousness of seventeenth century prose. A medical diagnosis will not explain that; and it makes still more strange the fact that Mr. Owen has been silent for twelve years.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

A POET'S ANTHOLOGY

Eighteenth Century Poetry. An Anthology. By W. J. TURNER. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

There have been during the last few years several good anthologies of eighteenth century verse. Mr. Turner's pretty little Phœnix Library volume is the handiest and most portable, and contains, especially in its latter part (he is particularly good with Thomson, Blake and Cowper) plenty that is neither in Mr. Iolo Williams' scholarly *Shorter Poems of the Eighteenth Century* nor in Mr. D. Nichol Smith's delightful *Oxford Book*, which two collections cover enough separate ground to be mutually complementary. Reading the earlier selections in Mr. Turner's anthology, one gets the impression (perhaps wrongly) that he has followed too closely some of the furrows ploughed by Mr. Nichol Smith. Especially is this noticeable in his extracts from longer poems: he has, for instance, the same extract from Defoe's *True-Born Englishman*, and has given it the same title, *Our English Race*; he has picked the same twenty-seven lines out of John Philips's *Splendid Shilling*, and borrowed for them Mr. Nichol Smith's (presumably invented) title of *The Thirsty Poet*, and with no indication that they are from a longer work—a procedure surely rather misleading to those not already familiar with the lines. There are also the same selections from Young's *Night Thoughts* and *Characters of Women*, and identical short poems have been chosen by the two anthologists from so many poets as to be a little disappointing to those who like their anthologies to be complementary—and surely there is, in the pleasant poetic fields of this very versifying century, enough ground for many selectors to cover without too much overlapping. But perhaps this is an unfair complaint; after all, every anthologist must select the verse that pleases him, and should not be at pains to be peculiar. Possibly one expects more individuality from the choices of a poet (and Mr. Turner is a very individual poet) among poetry than from the ordinary anthologist; and, when dealing with James Thomson (whose *Seasons* is well represented), with Blake, Swift (all *Cadenus and Vanessa* is here) and Burns (a poet who has, however, to my mind, a very doubtful place among poets using the English language) Mr. Turner seems entirely on his own ground. He has, like every anthologist, omissions which will grieve this or that reader. One might inquire why no Watts or Wesley? Another, why only one Prior? A third, why no Anon? And so on and so forth. But this is really not fair, particularly in a book of this compass, and one so full of good things.

For my part, I have only two serious complaints of it; one is its too close following of the *Oxford Book*, which extends to the text of many of the poems (I am not sure which text, for instance, of Gray Mr. Nichol Smith has followed; it is neither that of the first printing nor that of the 1775 edition; but, whichever it is, Mr.Turner has adopted the same throughout); and the other is that he implies in his preface that the century produced "not a single true love-song until we come to Robert Burns." But what about Walsh, King, Glanvill, Lord Lansdowne, Shenstone (one of whose love-songs is here included), William Hamilton's *Flower of Yarrow*, Soame Jenyns, and the slighted Anon, who in this century, as in others, sang freely of love? What about Gay, whose best known love song from *Acis and Galatea* is here? Of course, the adjective "true" may be applied in some sense that is not clear to me; but really, if Burns's "Ae fond kiss and then we sever" is a true love-song, I cannot see why Dodsley's "One kind kiss before we part," written some years before Burns was born, is not. But enough of complaint. Mr. Turner has done a service in editing this attractive little pocketable book, which, as he truly claims, contains no padding and, as we can easily believe, no poem he does not admire. No, by the way, I cannot believe that he admires Gray's rather silly and uningenious skit on the Heads of Houses. I wish that, instead of this, he had put in the ode performed in the Senate House, or *Spring*. Compiling anthologies is rather a thankless task; the anthologist's consolation should be (beyond the pleasure of doing it) that readers, though they may say more about what is not there, think more about what is.

ROSE MACAULAY.

LABORIOUS HEYWOOD

Thomas Heywood. Playwright and Miscellanist. By A. MELVILLE CLARK. Blackwell. £1 1s.

The scholar, for his industry, has often been compared with the ant, but there is no living creature, surely, can show more determination and patience in adversity. Dr. Clark, searching for evidence of Heywood's birth in the parish register, found to his dismay that an obliging churchwarden had handed over to his wife all the relevant pages "to keep her pies from burning at ye bottom in ye oven." From other sources we may conclude, with some hesitation, that Heywood was born in the summer of the year 1573. Like Shakespeare and Webster and a score of contemporary writers, he has left to posterity little record of his life other than a few facts that can be deduced from his works. For all their pride and arrogance, the Elizabethans were curiously modest about themselves. With few exceptions they left behind them nothing of any interest to their biographers, and under the cloak of anonymity have sometimes failed to survive even in their writings. Like Dr. Clark, we may, if we are as well equipped for laborious research as he is, collect from innumerable sources small shreds of evidence, and so piecing them together and calling upon fancy to supply what history conceals, produce something that hardly deserves the title of biography. Not unnaturally, therefore, Dr. Clark records "with profound thankfulness," at the end of two hundred closely-argued pages, that on August 16th, 1641, "was Tho. Heywood, Poet, b[d] in ye Church of St. James, Clerkenwell."

Heywood can have wasted very little of his long working life of fifty years. On his own admission there were two hundred and twenty plays in which he had "either an entire hand, or at least a maine finger." But not content with being an English Lope de Vega, he produced several almost wholly unoriginal compendiums, and engaged himself with a great deal of energy as a pamphleteer in sundry literary and domestic battles. At such a rate he had little chance of producing much original work, and Dr. Clark denies him the scholarship and wide learning which some have supposed him to have possessed. For the greater part of his general and recondite knowledge he lifted shamelessly, like Burton, from those useful encyclopædias which enabled a busy Elizabethan to appear very much wiser than he really was. The multiplicity of his interests, however, and his sympathetic understanding of human affairs and affections are well expressed in Lamb's definition of him as "a sort of prose Shakespeare." He seems to have been popular in his day, though it was rather his itch for writing on every subject under the sun that created the demand for his work than that any demand created the supply.

> Thou hast writ much and art admir'd by those,
> Who [illegible] rambling of thy prose,

records a co[illegible] *Wit's Recreations*. On the other hand, there must have been many like Estoutville, the actor, whose

cry of despair will be echoed by those who have tried to plough through *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, *The Life of Merlin* or "the old iron" of his better known but ponderous compilations, *Philocothonista* and *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*:

> Will neither rugged time nor vast expence,
> Of thy unfathom'd fancy and cleare sence,
> Persuade thee to leave off, but wilt thou still
> Make all 'twixt heaven and hell flow from thy Quill?

We shall not lose much by taking for granted his skill as a journalist in the various "stunts" of his generation: feminism, witchcraft, the stage-quarrel, or the two subjects he attacked in the last years of his life, the monopolists ("a swarme of locusts") and the high-church party ("the stye of all Pestilent filth"). Outside the world of scholarship he is known as the author of two excellent plays, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, which was honoured by a production at the Vieux Colombier a few years ago, and *The Fair Maid of the West, Part I.*, which, Dr. Clark omits to mention, was performed recently by the Marlowe Society at Cambridge.

Dr. Clark's enthusiasm for research has enabled him to clear up some of the problems connected with the canon of Heywood's work, and to suggest others. His biography remains obscure, but Dr. Clark brings evidence to show that he had "an entire hand or at least a maine finger" in more plays and pamphlets than has hitherto been suggested. He states again the case for Heywood's "maine finger" in *Appius and Virginia*; but while he dismisses rather superciliously Mr. F. L. Lucas's claim for Webster, he is forced to admit that Webster at any rate had a little finger in the pie. Arguments of this kind are too bibliographical for the tastes of most readers, who may well ask: "Where does it all lead? And what does it matter if X revised Act I, Sc. 2 and left Y to struggle along by himself in Act I, Sc. 3?" Such juggling with petty facts and dates too often resembles the ingenious but aimless pastimes of acrostics and crosswords, so that we cannot help regretting, in spite of our admiration for Dr. Clark's learning and the skilful use he makes of it, that the snare of the Stationers' Register and the entries in Henslowe's Diary should have drawn him away from an appreciation of Heywood's genius, to fill the greater part of his elaborate thesis with an exhaustive examination of dates.

NEW NOVELS

Dark Bridwell. By VARDIS FISHER. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Red Ike. By J. M. DENWOOD and S. FOWLER WRIGHT. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Country Tune. By RUTH HOLLAND. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Expensive Halo. By GORDON DAVIOT. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Who Goes Home? By A. P. NICHOLSON. Benn. 7s. 6d.

The Key. By M. ALDANOV. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

The Thief. By LEONID LEONOV. Secker. 7s. 6d.

So utterly different in composition and subject matter are these novels one from another that comparison, that lightener of the reviewer's toil, is out of the question; and even the two Russian books, though they might seem by the English of their translators to offer disagreeable points of similarity, are in fact poles apart—one being written from the White and the other from the Red standpoint.

Too often, one feels, books about the Wild West tend to lean on melodrama as a support and look to cowboys, sheriffs and "rough stuff" generally to supply their garish colouring. But Mr. Fisher in *Dark Bridwell* cares for none of these things, for, though there is plenty of "rough stuff" (the uncontrolled working out of the psycho-analysts' "Œdipus complex" admits of little else) and plenty of colour (it would be difficult to find a living novelist to equal his astonishingly virile descriptions of natural scenes and events), there is not one false note in the whole book. There are so many passages of wild beauty that it is difficult to choose one rather than another, but perhaps the following scene, where Charlie Bridwell, the author's lazy hero, shows his wife, Lela, a wolf caught in one of his traps, is as good an indication as any of the sureness and power of Mr. Fisher's prose:

> She had never seen anything as savage and enraged as this trapped beast. The gaunt back was arched and its fur stood on end. Its wild eyes, glowing with hatred, burned and darkened. But it was the animal's mouth that made her shrink. Its lips were drawn back from dripping teeth, and these teeth made a steady clicking sound. The teeth were long and white, a great mouthful of savage snapping bone. Trembling with fear and fury, shaking as if it had been beaten, the wolf with its pale, untamed eyes, eyes agleam with a kind of venomous ghastly sickness, looked from one to the other, and never paused in the metallic clicking of its teeth.

But it is not only in his ability to describe so swiftly and clearly the wildness of the life that surrounds the Bridwells that Mr. Fisher reveals himself as a novelist of the first rank. The whole work moves grandly forward to its tragic end. One has the satisfying feeling, as in the Greek dramas, that given such characters and such a situation no other result is for an instant imaginable. And if the author turns aside from his main theme for young Jed's love affair with Bonnie, or for the seduction of Bridwell's daughter Beth (one feels in this twenty-page passage that no word can be altered) by a "sheepherder" whom Bridwell—that lover of pranks—had formerly made ridiculous, his characters are enlarged and the action in no way delayed. *Dark Bridwell* is one of those books one refuses to lend.

We are regretfully translated from Charlie Bridwell's Idaho to Red Ike's Cumberland. *Red Ike* is, as Mr. Walpole writes in his preface, a remarkable book; but surely only on account of its unusually naive and old-fashioned air, and not for any possible comparison it can bear with *Lavengro*! The manuscript was, apparently, written by Mr Denwood and touched up by Mr. Fowler Wright, and to this may be due the oddities, for oddities they are, in its construction and style. We meet poachers who philosophise and gipsy queens with bookish jargon and second sight (which, incidentally, often helps the authors to take as many short cuts across their book as across the fells) and ghosts and visions. The characters are not sufficiently differentiated. Red Ike, Will Moffat, Dick Stagg might all be the same man, and their young ladies, without too great a stretch of the imagination (although one of them becomes a famous opera star), might all be the same woman. When all is said and done, *Red Ike* is no more than an unusually simple example of the old-fashioned, stilted, blood-and-thunder book for boys.

Country Tune, as its name implies, is yet another book about the country—but with a difference. Here country scenes are not employed as a background to human activities. The English countryside itself is the hero, and the young girl artists merely take it in turn to describe its soothing effect upon them after the bustle of London. Mrs. Holland has a delicate touch, but the entire lack of plan or purpose makes the book rather thin reading.

From these unsophisticated observers of lovely Nature we turn (with some relief it must be confessed) to the Society high-jinks of Mr. Daviot's *The Expensive Halo*. The brother and sister of the Mayfair family meet and fall in love with the brother and sister of the Camden Town family, and the complications that ensue are worked out at parties, charity charades, and race

SUMMER SHELL

The seasonal blending of Shell gives you a petrol more perfectly suited to Summer temperatures than is possible with any fuel blended on a compromise for all-the-year-round use.

NOW ON SALE AT EVERY SHELL PUMP

meetings. In some scenes Mr. Daviot, especially in his characterisations of the inanities of the smart set, surpasses even Mr. Waugh. (Surely we must be thankful for this legend of the Bright Young People, since it has produced two such amusing writers.) But the pace towards the end of his book is too much for Mr. Daviot, and in endeavouring to furnish his callous heroine with a heart he turns her, alas, into a sentimental, sob-stuff movie queen. At the same time, he does his best to spoil a book that could never have been more than light reading for the holidays.

Who Goes Home? has the Houses of Parliament for its background. Sir Richard Garriock, an under-secretary, is an "amorist," and in the course of his amours he finds it necessary to murder his rival, another Conservative member. It is only as the result of a libel action that he is eventually indicted on the capital charge. There is much intrigue, the trials are well done, it is even, in its way, a thriller; but the reader is left at the end wondering, hopelessly, what it is all for.

So we come to the Russians. M. Aldanov, in *The Key*, gives us a picture of life in St. Petersburg just before the Revolution. An alternative title to this novel would be *Crime And NO Punishment* for, though a much slighter work, it owes a lot to Dostoevsky's masterpiece. There is the same struggle between the murderer and the police inspector, both, of course, highly educated members of the intelligentsia; and Fedossiev is as interested in Dr. Braun's anarchical writings as Porfiry Petrovitch is in the student Raskolnikov's weird treatise on the Necessity of Murder. But Raskolnikov was young and neurotic. Dr. Braun is a scientist, a man of the world; and though Fedossiev is clever enough to guess the criminal beneath this impassive exterior, he obtains no proof. Beneath this drama can be heard the rumblings of the Revolution, while the middle classes, secure in their liberal-mindedness, neglect the signs of the approaching upheaval. It is a book which will be enjoyed; but because M. Aldanov confines himself to the heart searchings of the bourgeoisie alone it lacks that wealth of observation and universality which is the key to the greater Russian writers.

A decade passes, the Revolution is successful, and the novels of the first Communist writers are being translated into some sort of English. The scene of *The Thief* is laid in Moscow, but if the reader hopes to get any idea of the workings of the new regime, he will be disappointed. The characters are typical of the underworld life of any great city. Capitalist Europe and Soviet Russia alike have their thieves, murderers and prostitutes. Even though M. Leonov drags us through 560 pages, one fails to find much difference between the Russian *apache* and his English or French *confrère*. M. Leonov's hero is a thief. But there is no room for thieves or the idle rich in the Soviets; and so he traces the decline and fall of Dmitri until, at length, the Spirit of Russia re-awakens his belief in himself, until he turns his back upon the city, and finds peace and an honest livelihood in the country. There is an unpleasant taste of the tract in this book (are we always to expect this now?) yet it is not absolutely dull.

PROTEUS.

THE DOUGHBOYS IN THE WAR

My Experiences in the World War. By GENERAL J. J. PERSHING. Hodder and Stoughton. 31s. 6d.

General Pershing disarms some criticisms which might else have been passed on his book by the preface in which he limits its scope. Referring generously to the achievements of the Allies, he explains at once that they are not his theme. What he sets out to tell is what was done under his own direction, the story of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. He recounts it in his country's interest, because "in that adventure there were many lessons useful to the American people, should they ever again be called to arms."

When the historians of a later generation study the direct military contribution of America to the War, they will probably feel that the first thing calling to be accounted for is its smallness. The United States was in the War for nineteen months. She had over 100 millions population, and introduced conscription with little delay. Yet her casualties were no greater than Canada's, with a population between 8 and 9 millions. Even so, they perhaps over-measure her effective military contribution; for it is widely held that (owing to its inexperience) the casualties of the independent American Army operating in the Argonne were excessive in relation to the affair. Why was this? Why was so mighty a nation, despite its strong desire to play a large part on the battlefield, restricted in the event to a small one?

General Pershing does not address himself to the question directly. Possibly he does not realise how outstanding it is. But he supplies the twin answers; the first, consciously and abundantly; the second, no less abundantly, but without, it would seem, even yet grasping its significance.

The first was the really amazing failure of the Wilson Administration to make any military preparation before America declared war. When she came in, she had, General Pershing tells us, less than 1,500 machine guns and no up-to-date artillery. Her aeroplanes numbered 55, of which 52 were obsolete or obsolescent. Nor had any factory adaptations been put in hand, save for Allied contracts. Of the latter the American Government had in one instance the good sense to take advantage, when it substituted Enfield for Springfield rifles. But in general the "conversion lag" for its factories was very long. When the war ended, no guns of American manufacture of the main types used had been fired in battle. The American Expeditionary Force bought all its artillery and much of its other equipment in Europe. The fact that it could do so lessened considerably the mere feat of army transport across the Atlantic.

But if unpreparedness was the first answer, the second was General Pershing's own policy. He was determined at all costs to create a great independent American Army. He resisted almost every proposal for American troops to fight in smaller units among the Allies. On this topic endless controversy raged in the Inter-Allied councils. The debates at successive conferences bulk very large in General Pershing's book. With some complacency he exhibits his own resistance to the threats and entreaties and cajoleries, now of Clemenceau and Foch and Pétain, now of Haig and Milner and Sir William Robertson and Mr. Lloyd George. Thanks to his persistent stand, America got her great separate army, but at the cost of postponing her main action till September 26th, 1918, *i.e.*, till German defeat was already assured. And yet perhaps the most useful military aid that she gave was not anything done by that army, but the action of the American divisions brigaded with the French at Château-Thierry, and those brigaded with the British in the attack on the Hindenburg Line. If only a similar policy of brigading had been earlier and much more widely adopted, there can be little doubt that the German defeat would have come sooner and cost the victors much less. A great many French and British dead lie at the door of the Pershing policy.

That is not to say that it had nothing in its favour. It was indeed laid down from the start in Washington's official instructions; though these, no doubt, the General himself was consulted about. General Bliss, who later represented America at Versailles, went straying after the Allied view, but General Pershing talked him back. For the strength of his own adherence to it the Allies were themselves partly to blame. The spectacle offered at the beginning by the French and British military requests is, as shown from the American end, not edifying. Their rivalry, and the self-seeking shortness of their views, were unconcealed. They gave General Pershing the impression that in secret neither French nor British liked the prospect of the United States Army becoming the peer of their own. The British Mission's general had the almost incredible ineptitude to suggest, in writing, that what America should do was to send her untrained men to England to be trained in English depots and drafted into the British units! When one recalls that America was conscripting in vast numbers her citizens of Irish and even German origin, one is amazed that a Mission with Lord Balfour at its head could show so much political incomprehension. Really many of the British suggestions made even a year later were little more sensible. One of General Pershing's stories aptly illustrates how the land lay. At one stage, to hasten equipment, the Americans bought a lot of British uniforms. An Irish-American regiment became almost mutinous because they had buttons with the British crown on them, and was only appeased when American buttons were hastily sewn on instead.

It is clear that these follies on our part affected General Pershing's own mind. They made him, not anti-British, but certainly suspicious of Britain. It is difficult to think that they had nothing to do with his choice for the American Army of a part of the line far away from the British. For this there were good, though not overwhelming, strategical and supply arguments.

PHILIP EARLE

will publish on July 7

Young Diana

MARGARET IRONSIDE 7s. 6d.

Equipped only with a warm heart and a fearless courage, young Diana Hotspur, fighting against the handicap of her queer family, sets out on a Spanish cargo boat to earn her independence. After winning her way through lively adventures in Spain and a very serious murder trial in England, Diana is welcomed, at the end of this fine long story, into a surer harbour than ever her own people offered.

❋ ❋ ❋

The subsequent relations between an illegitimate girl of seventeen and her mother, whom she meets for the first time, are described with a quiet humour and a true perception in JEDDITH KEEP, a first novel by *Elsa Lingstrom*, which will be published on July 14.

Write to us for particulars of forthcoming books.

PHILIP EARLE LTD. 39 JERMYN ST. S.W.1

WOMEN AND POLITICS

By The DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P.

6s.

Gives a background to the discussion of political problems by women.

"In the later chapters of an ably written and readable book the Duchess of Atholl discusses how women can help to solve the nation's problems."
Birmingham Post.

"If every female elector—or male elector for that matter—could be induced to read and ponder carefully 'Women and Politics' this country might be much more satisfactorily governed."
Nottingham Guardian.

YOUR LIBRARY HAS IT.

PHILIP ALLAN

69 Great Russell Street, LONDON.

Constance Malleson's

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AFTER TEN YEARS

HAROLD NICOLSON:
'Lovely humanity of style. An encouragement to all who are sensitive to the ill-adjustments of modern life. A book of great merit Courageous and inspiring. I beg you to read it.'
Evening Standard

GERALD GOULD:
'Deliberately unsentimental. As little afraid of the comic as of the tragic. The fire of the fanatic without any trace of his narrowness or cruelty.'
News Chronicle

V. SACKVILLE WEST:
'I liked this book extremely. The beginning is brilliant. I recommend it warmly.'
In a broadcast talk

OBSERVER:
'Candid and intimate. Prose quick and rich. True tact... true sympathy. Informed by the twin angels of generosity and courage. Valuable social document. Brave and sensitive record.'

DAILY MAIL:
'AUDACIOUS—
TOO AUDACIOUS!'

DAILY EXPRESS:
'NOT QUITE... NICE!'

SUNDAY DISPATCH:
'SUCH FRANKNESS!'

Illustrated 7s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE
THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

But Mr. Lloyd George, who saw what great political and human advantages would accrue from having the two great English-speaking peoples fraternising in line together, was surely right in regarding it as the missing of a vast opportunity. As it was, very few American troops saw any British troops at all, whether in or out of the line; and General Pershing, while quite friendly to Haig, very seldom came across him.

His contacts being almost entirely with the French, it is of the French personalities that he has interesting things to say. He had not a very high opinion of Foch, whom he thought "essentially a student and teacher of history and strategy." His great favourite was Pétain; and he also speaks very highly of Generals de Maud'huy and Franchet d'Espérey. For Clemenceau he had the utmost admiration, even though he was constantly opposing him, and though (as we now know from Foch's *Memoirs*) Clemenceau actually pressed Foch to demand his recall by the American Government.

There were, of course, immense problems of supply and organisation incidental to building up the huge new army; and it is with these, perhaps, that General Pershing specially wishes his countrymen to be acquainted. He had no end of troubles with the French railway administration, which were only surmounted by taking over and Americanising the most essential railways. He had also a good deal of trouble with the supply authorities in the United States, though not from any lack of goodwill on their part—he expresses the most unqualified gratitude for the support which he had at all times from Mr. Baker, the Secretary for War. When the Armistice was proposed, he was against it, holding that the German armies were bound to surrender unconditionally, and that it was much better that they should. As to the fact, it is clear from what we know now that he may have been right; certainly he was much nearer than Haig to appraising the German military situation correctly. And as to the moral effect, one gathers that he feels now, and felt then, that an out-and-out surrender would have left far less chance for any German militarist revival on Stahlhelm or Nazi lines. But in all the circumstances it was scarcely possible that his view (which Foch to some extent shared) should have been adopted by the Governments.

Early or not to bed, it is never too late for the delightful cleansing of the mouth with

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Its fragrant foam refreshes and cools gums, mouth and teeth.

And to fall asleep with its soothing flavour still gratifying the palate means waking with the sense of well-being and wholesomeness which only true cleanliness can give. It is not clean to sleep with unbrushed teeth; nor is it healthy. Ask your dentist.

AN ENTIRE WEEK OF WHOLESOME AWAKENINGS FREE OF COST

COUPON

Please send me a free trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste

Name .....

Address .....

To Euthymol (Dept. 82 E.E.), 50, Beak Street, London, W.1

A PRACTICAL FEMINIST

Millicent Garrett Fawcett. By. RAY STRACHEY. Murray 15s.

When Dame Millicent Fawcett was urged to write her reminiscences she pleaded in objection that "the book would have to be I, I, I." Actually, there is so little of the personal in her career that Mrs. Strachey is driven constantly to making a sudden grab at her central figure, which tends to hide modestly in its own design. Dame Millicent threw her whole strength and activity into the Women's Movement. The only relevant story of her life is a sketch of its growth from those early struggles in the 'sixties to the final suffrage victory in 1928. This is what Mrs. Strachey has produced. She presents Dame Millicent as a symbol of the practical good sense and indomitable perseverance that won the long battle of the feminists.

It was characteristic of Mrs. Fawcett's outlook that one of her first influences should have been the direct and logical reasoning of J. S. Mill. She was born too late for the impassioned, thwarted vehemence of Mary Wollstonecraft to appeal as a method of attack. Pioneers such as the Garretts and Emily Davies were normal women with a rational and clear aim to procure the normal rights of citizenship for their sex. They never faltered and never lost their heads. Whether the particular gate they stormed was medicine, politics or university education, they proved their own case by the practical demonstration of their fitness. No time was spent in empty and bombastic gestures. Solid brain-work and determination lay behind those sensational achievements that placed women in the category of "news." Elizabeth Garrett qualifying as a doctor, Mrs. Fawcett holding public meetings on the franchise question, her daughter, Philippa, outdoing the Senior Wrangler in the Cambridge Tripos—these were acts that could not be ignored by the wildest anti-feminist.

When in the face of them conservatism made facetious gibes about extending the suffrage to rabbits as well as women, a counter-fanaticism might well have been excused. But no advocate of a movement could be less fanatical than Mrs. Fawcett. Certainly her policy at elections was to place the woman's before the party cause, supporting the best friend of Women's Suffrage regardless of his other political views. As long as women were fighting for that right, no other tactics were possible. The so-called "Women's Party" feared by the suffrage opponents was a fallacy based on the inevitable co-operation amongst women until they had secured the vote. But Mrs. Fawcett had no sympathy with the extreme militants. Importunity implies making a nuisance of oneself, but the nuisance should have constructive sense in it. During the war the choice of policies within the National Union changed its nature and became acute. When the split occurred the President found herself still firmly seated, and the organisation as a whole intact. The pacifist element had been forced to secede. No other course could have been expected from Mrs. Fawcett. She was not shortsighted, she realised from the outset that war was an "insensate devilry," the international aspect of the suffrage movement had her full sympathy and co-operation. But where the clash was one of idealism with immediate duty her practical and level-headed judgment was bound to favour the latter, and so unhesitatingly that the dispute was robbed for her of the extreme painfulness it might have held.

Not that the whole suffrage fight was without difficulties and depressing setbacks, in Mrs. Fawcett's view. Each one was tackled with energy, tact and common sense, for she never ignored the means in looking to the end of her campaign. Thus Mrs. Strachey is able to end her biography on a note of triumph that is more than personal, just as Mrs. Fawcett's struggles in breaking down a wall of prejudice were more than personal ones. We can look round now and see the remnants of the die-hard obstruction still massed in countless alleys. But in clearing it off the highway Dame Millicent and her colleagues performed work that had to be done and that none who follows them will have to do again.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Letters of John Constable, R.A. Edited by PETER LESLIE, with an introduction by SIR CHARLES HOLMES. Constable. 15s.

"Lest they cause pain or offence," many of Constable's letters were not included in C. R. Leslie's famous *Life and Letters*. The

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT

By RAY STRACHEY

"A fine book. Mrs. Strachey has carried out her task with great skill."—*Times.*

"This gracious and judicious biography.... virtually a history of the Women's Movement."—*Morning Post.*

"Brilliant and engaging."—*Daily Mail.*

"An admirable piece of work."—*Daily Telegraph.*

With 8 Illustrations. 15/- net.

KINGS IN THE MAKING
The Princes of Wales. By E. THORNTON COOK. With Illustrations. 18/- net.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE
1601—1930. By L. S. S. O'MALLEY, C.I.E. 12/-

Ready Wednesday next

DARTMOOR IN ALL ITS MOODS
By DOUGLAS GORDON. 8 Illustrations. 9/- net.

DEAR COUNTRYMEN Fascinating Country Sketches by S. L. BENSUSAN. 7/6

JOHN MURRAY

ARNOLD BENNETT. (*Photo: Kollar.*)

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE. (*Photo: Kollar.*)

H. G. WELLS. (*Photo: Kollar.*)

JAMES JOYCE. (*Photo: Kollar.*)

EXHIBITION OF

PORTRAIT BUSTS

of some contemporary

MEN OF LETTERS

by

JO DAVIDSON

Including:

GEORG BRANDES
JOSEPH CONRAD
HAVELOCK ELLIS
ANATOLE FRANCE
ANDRÉ GIDE
ALDOUS HUXLEY
D. H. LAWRENCE
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
LUIGI PIRANDELLO
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE
HUGH WALPOLE
etc.

JUNE 24th—JULY 25th, 1931

Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Saturdays 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

at the Galleries of

M. KNOEDLER & CO. INC.

15 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

Admission (including catalogue) 1/6, in aid of the Royal Literary Fund.
Mondays: Admission free.

PHILOSOPHY

(Formerly the JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES)

CONTENTS FOR JULY:

OPEN LETTER
PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD'S PHILOSOPHY — PROFESSOR C. LLOYD MORGAN
COSMIC PURPOSE — PROFESSOR J. W. HARVEY
IS MORAL PROGRESS A REALITY? — PROFESSOR G. C. FIELD
McTAGGART'S CONTRIBUTION to the PHILOSOPHY of RELIGION — ROBERT LEET PATTERSON, M.A., B.D.
PHILOSOPHY AS CRITICISM AND POINT OF VIEW — ADRIAN COATES, M.A.
AN OUTLINE OF GENETIC PSYCHOLOGY — R. F. RATTRAY, M.A., Ph.D.

Philosophical Survey. New Books. Institute Notes. Correspondence.

Price 3s. 6d. net. *Annual subscription 14s. net post free.*

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2.

JOHN MURRAY EXHIBITION, 1768-1931

You are invited to an Exhibition of Books, Historic Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, Byroniana, and other objects of literary interest belonging to the firm of John Murray. The Exhibition will remain open in our Court House extension throughout July.

ITALIAN LITERATURE

A special display of Italian books from all the leading publishers, including Art Books, Modern and Classical Literature, and Travel Books is on view in the Foreign Department.

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS LTD.
Booksellers to His Majesty the King.
350, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

LIFE AND LETTERS

Edited by DESMOND MacCARTHY

JULY

F. L. LUCAS . . . . . Sweet Enemy
J. BRADDOCK . . . . Isles of Borromeio
PETER FLEMING . . Under the Bandstand
WILLIAM PLOMER . . . . . Land of Love
SHAW DESMOND . . Children of the Sun
and BOOK REVIEWS

On Sale at all Bookstalls—One Shilling
Postal Subscription—14s. per annum any address
10 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

The LABOUR MONTHLY

An International Organ of Revolutionary Marxism

X^th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE THIS MONTH

ENLARGED AND ILLUSTRATED

Published at 79, WARREN STREET, W.1.
80 pages - - - Sixpence

NORWICH UNION FIRE OFFICE.

Founded 1797.

HEAD OFFICE: NORWICH and 50 FLEET STREET, E.C.4.
CHIEF LONDON BRANCHES: 71 and 72 King William Street, E.C.4. 39 St. James' Street, S.W.1. 50-51 Lime Street, E.C.3.

UP-TO-DATE POLICIES TO MEET EVERY RISK IN DEMAND.

biographer's grandson, Mr. Peter Leslie, has now edited and published all the letters written to his grandfather between 1826 and 1837. They are very revealing, full of somewhat spiteful, though rarely unjust or undeserved, remarks about his rivals. Sir Charles Holmes' introduction is quite excellent, and he gives not only a life of Constable therein, but also an admirable critique of his work and methods. Constable was a devoted husband and father, a good friend, a hard worker, annoyed when not elected to the Academy, and delighted when finally made an R.A., after a year's waiting, enjoying the society of his friends, staying now a few days at Petworth, now a few at Ham House. The artist's humble sincerity is most manifest in his letters: "Nothing can exceed the beauty of the country—it makes pictures seem sad trumpery, even those that possess most of nature; what must those be which have it not?" His praise can on occasion be most full and generous: "I remember most of Turner's early works. Amongst them was one of singular intricacy and beauty; it was a canal with numerous boats making thousands of beautiful shapes, and I think the most complete work of genius I ever saw." This book is admirably illustrated, the drawings by Constable himself being especially good, and, best of all, the sketch of Glover's "one hundred flower pots all in a row."

Robert and Clive. By CLAIR COPE. Bale, Sons and Danielsson. 6s.

A pleasant book this, for all who remember and regret that passing breed, the general practitioner. These are stories of his heroisms and his accidents, his patients and himself. He has to disappear, as medicine becomes more and more of a specialised scientific study; but many experts will continue to envy his expert knowledge of that most difficult of all diseases—the patient. Mr. Cope writes briskly and well, has a good sense of humour and of pathos well controlled. He obviously has medical knowledge; but this is never obtruded, and he has that optimistic outlook which is the privilege of the good physician and would do our men of letters no harm.

Snow Man. By MALCOLM WALDRON. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Two men set out from Edmonton in 1924 to spend the winter in a small dug-out cave a few miles north of the Great Slave Lake, and then with the spring thaw made their way by canoe down the Hanbury and Thelon rivers to a trading post at Baker Lake and so to Hudson Bay. They suffered the utmost hardships of cold and starvation, and it was luck rather than foresight that pulled them through. It makes a tolerably exciting story, but the point of it all is not easy to discern. Mr. Waldron, who seems to have compiled his account mainly from the diaries, and perhaps memories, of one of the two adventurers, Bullock, appears to indicate that it had no point—that was its charm! Hornby, he declares, was as whimsical and as futile as any actual snow man; he loved hardship for its own sake, and he was only happy in country where he could feel no man had ever set foot before. Yet one would have admired him more had he been less indifferent to the welfare of his companion, and more indifferent to the thought of publicity and the dream of seeing his exploits "in papers all over the world, with pictures of John Hornby and Captain Charles Critchell-Bullock." Mr. Waldron has written a book which many who like a tale of truth told with the ease and intimacy of the novel will find attractive.

The Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization. By C. R. ALDRICH. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Aldrich has his interesting but highly speculative hypotheses with regard to the primitive mind, and a resulting racial unconscious, blessed by Dr. Jung and welcomed by Dr. Malinowski. The latter, however, qualifies his praise of a stimulating argument by denying Mr. Aldrich's major premises that our conduct is affected by a racial unconscious and a gregarious instinct. Mr. Aldrich's theory of a racial unconscious is considerably more plausible than his theory of what must be in it; for he is of those who reject Darwin's primitive family of the Old Man attended by his wives and children—which Freud has elaborated so fantastically—and hold that man came into the world as a horde. Primitive man, he assures us, had to live in a horde, because he was naked and defenceless. But he may have been as hairy and powerful as a gorilla, of whom we have recently heard that when he enters an area the lions leave it. Mr. Aldrich also declares that there can be no explanation of how the hypothetical human families could have coalesced into clans, whereas quite satisfying explanations have been offered. The bulk of his book is devoted to an elaborate survey of the thought of so-called primitive peoples, interesting in its way, but, in relation to Mr. Aldrich's fundamental hypotheses, beside the mark.

One of our customers had his pocket picked in the train between Bologna and Ravenna, and lost his letter-case with nearly £40—a swift, neat job. Two days later the police were able to tell him that the remnants of his case had been picked up on the line. All the Italian notes had been taken out (£4 odd) and the case thrown out of the window; an express had evidently run over it as it lay open on the line, for £25 in the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques had been slashed into ribbons. (Curiously, a secret pocket with two Bank of England notes was undamaged.)

The point is that the thief took the Italian notes, but dared not risk changing the Travellers Cheques; had our customer been carrying all foreign money, his loss would have been nearer £30 than £4.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Travellers Cheques are issued at all its Branches

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE gramophone companies have fallen into a strange but not unwonted lethargy. For weeks past they have provided practically nothing of any distinction; merely the same selections from romantic musical plays, the same dance records, "hot" but refined (like a river-girl saying vo-vodeo-vo), the same albums of safe classics "for the musician's gramophone," solid stuff this, but still not a headache in a hogshead.

I naturally see the justification of this humdrum policy—to the majority of people, no doubt, the gramophone is a substitute for musical life, whether spent at the Coliseum or the Queen's Hall, and it is only right that people who are cut off from theatre and concert-going should at any moment be able to evoke a mirage of the *White Horse Inn* or *Fingal's Cave*. But after all there is quite a large number of gramophone-users to whom the instrument is not a substitute for musical life but a supplement to it. I unashamedly belong to this high-brow minority, and look to the gramophone to give me works which I cannot hear every week in the concert-hall; in particular, native music of different types which, but for the gramophone, I should never hear at all. I find I am very badly served. One's exasperation with the excessively drab catalogues issued recently by the gramophone companies is increased by the knowledge that the very same factory that is producing the anodyne discs with which the British public is rationed, is at the same time producing records of the greatest interest which are destined to be immediately sent abroad, whence they can only be obtained at the expenditure of time, trouble and money; and sometimes not even then.

To take a very simple instance. I heard, some months back, that Liadoff's Russian Folk Songs, an enchanting little work, was being recorded for H.M.V. by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Albert Coates, in a studio in London. I not unnaturally thought that this work would shortly appear in H.M.V.'s catalogue. As it did not, I could only imagine that the record had for some reason been scrapped until I saw it in one of the few gramophone dealers with sufficient enterprise to import foreign records. For some inexplicable reason it was issued as a Swiss record, and was naturally more expensive in view of the cost of importation, Customs, etc. Do H.M.V. imagine that only the Swiss are interested in Liadoff? Cannot they realise that the thousands of people who applauded these pieces in the ballet *Children's Tales* would be willing to buy a record of them? There are other cases less grotesque but equally interesting. Not many people in England know the Sardanas; Catalan dances which are among the finest popular tunes in the world. They are altogether different from the

126 DAYS AFLOAT FOR £126

is the unique opportunity offered by

THE VOYAGE OF THE T.S.S. "ULYSSES"

THE LARGEST VESSEL OF THE

BLUE FUNNEL LINE

SAILING FROM LIVERPOOL ON 26th SEPTEMBER TO

THE FAR EAST

(Carrying First-Class Passengers only)

CALLING AT

MARSEILLES, PORT SAID, COLOMBO, THE STRAITS, CHINESE and JAPANESE PORTS, and returning to Liverpool on 30th January, 1932.

Passengers conveyed between London and Liverpool by special first-class train at the Company's expense.

SUMMER HOLIDAY RETURN RATES—

MARSEILLES, £22. EGYPT, £35.

For full particulars apply to

ALFRED HOLT & CO., Water Street, Liverpool; JOHN SWIRE & SONS, LTD., 8 Billiter Sq., London;

or any Travel Agency.

DO YOU SAVE?

The £55,000,000 of resources of the C.W.S. Bank and its 60,000 satisfied account holders are the best indication of its utility to investors.

Full particulars of its facilities supplied on request.

Write to-day to—

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office :

1 Balloon Street, Manchester

Branches :

99 Leman Street, London, E.1
42 Kingsway, W.C.2
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster
West Blandford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Broad Quay, Bristol

"... Frankly I have never enjoyed such a treat!..."

BARNEYS TOBACCO breaks a Cardiff smoker's 5-year-old resolution.

This man stopped smoking for five years! The frame of mind needed to keep away from a pipe for five years will be beyond the comprehension of most pipe-lovers.

Other smokers of Barneys will commend to him a more enjoyable resolution for the future: To smoke nothing *but* Barneys! But to be serious, there *must* be something unusually good about a Tobacco which can inspire these genuine, *spontaneous* letters of Barneys' praise, week after week, year after year, from the men who smoke it.

(The original letter can be inspected.)

"When a man resolves to join the ranks of non-smokers, and "keeps that resolution for over five years, he may imagine he "will remain so. I did so, I thought so; but, alas, I was "never more mistaken."

"As a Christmas present I received a case of pipes and a tin "of Barneys Mixture, a present I regarded at the time as "useless. But, on examination, Barneys seemed much too "good to be wasted; I determined to try 'just one pipeful.'"

"The tin was very quickly empty, and now I find "myself smoking my daily ounce again. Frankly I have "never enjoyed such a treat, and I know now that I "shall be a Barney Boy until the end of my days."

Barneys is cool, even-burning, lasting *and good* . . . If *you* are seeking a Tobacco which will not vary in flavour or goodness, *try Barneys next time.* It may please you better than any Tobacco you have yet encountered.

PULL
Tab to open.

EVERFRESH

The smoker in the out-of-the-way places—at Home or Overseas—can now buy Barneys in the sure and certain knowledge that it will be fresh—*factory-fresh.*

The Barneys "EVERFRESH" Tin has achieved this miracle of distribution. Until you pull the Rubber Tab, the "EVERFRESH" Tin is *atmospherically sealed and locked,* preserving Barneys perfectly sweet, fresh and fragrant.

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*) and Parsons Pleasure (*mild*) are each obtainable in the "EVERFRESH" Tin, in 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. sizes at 1 1½ the oz.

(151) Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Flamenco type of Spanish music and have a gaiety and vigour which is quite their own. In the days before electric recording, English H.M.V. produced one excellent Sardana record, which is now unobtainable.

The last time I was in France, however, I found that French H.M.V. had produced a brilliant series of Sardana records, including one *El Cavaller Enamorat*, which is a remarkably beautiful piece of melodic writing. Naturally, friends of mine who heard these records wished to get them, but were faced with the usual difficulties. (Anyone who has had dealings with a French musical firm will realise that a postcard every day for a month and a telegram every day for a week is a mere preliminary to obtaining a written reply to one's original request, let alone a tangible return.) I could understand it were these records issued by Spanish H.M.V., but with the exception of the natives of Cerdagne (who, in all probability, are by now dancing to the strains of *Broadway Melody*), the average Frenchman knows no more of Catalan music than the average Englishman, and the records should stand as good a chance of sale in London as in Paris.

To go farther afield, I once heard, through the courtesy of the Columbia company, a highly interesting set of records of Javanese music which, unlike the hybrid Malayan music, has remained absolutely untouched by Western influence. These records were taken in Java but manufactured in London. Needless to say, they are unobtainable. Here I can see the practical difficulties that face the company. A Javanese love-song has, admittedly, little of the general appeal of Tauber singing *Good-bye, good-bye, my little Guards-officer*. But, since the records are manufactured in London, the cost of printing off (excuse the untechnicality) an extra thousand or so would, I imagine, be very small in comparison with the amount spent in securing the records. I am not speaking only of Javanese records. Columbia, and presumably H.M.V., issue an enormous quantity of native records, Javanese, Turkish, Malayan, West Indian and so forth, for sale in these particular countries. There must be many, like myself, who would buy these records were the difficulties not so great. I propose to both Columbia and H.M.V. that they form a society the members of which would pay a moderate subscription a year, entitling them to a complete catalogue of the exotic records produced and the right to purchase them at ordinary terms. I am sure they would find a thousand members in a week. The business of obtaining records of native music should not be left purely to commercial enterprise though. It is a work that every government should make it its business to support.

It is in no spirit of jingoism that I call attention to the exceptionally far-flung nature of our Empire. A complete and intelligent survey, through the gramophone, of the different forms of folk-music in the British Empire would be an immense contribution to musical history and one that would be to the lasting credit of any government that sponsored it.

But it must be started now! Already the genuine blacks are hanging on the lips of the black-face comedian. Every harmonium exported to the heathen is a danger to musical art. This direful instrument has already ravaged half the uncivilised world. In a few years' time, the intrepid explorer, phonograph in hand, as he hacks his way through the tropical jungle, will murmur, as the sound of native chanting is carried dimly through the undergrowth, "Sonnie Boy," I presume.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

RIMINGTON VAN WYCK LTD.

offer an unique musical service to real music lovers.

All demonstration instruments are fitted with tuned boxes and only fibre needles are used.

In addition to all the domestic issues real gems are culled from Foreign catalogues. For instance:—

MOZART.—Requiem Mass. Complete recording. 6 records in Album. K. 74-79. 45/-.
Coronation Mass. Complete recording. 4 records in Album. K. 80-83. 30/-. Soloists, Choir & Orchestra of Salzburg Cathedral.

SIBELIUS.—The Swan of Tuonela. Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski. G. 386. 6/6.

BACH, J. C.—Sinfonia in B Flat Major. New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Mengelberg. G. 387-8. 6/6 each.

And many hundreds of others. Write for full list, post free

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD.
42/3, CRANBOURN STREET
(JUST OPPOSITE THE HIPPODROME)
LONDON, W.C.2
MUSIC
GERRARD 1171

A FULL RANGE OF INSTRUMENTS AND RECORDS (H.M.V. AND COLUMBIA, ETC.) ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Summer hours—9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. including Saturday. Thursday 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

About Motoring

THE ROVER SPEED SALOON

THE Rover Company of Coventry has designed and built many excellent cars. Twice at least in their history they have led and dominated the popular industry, namely, when they produced their original 8 h.p. single cylinder, and later on when they produced their air-cooled flat twin. They have never made a bad car. On one occasion they produced a highly ingenious and original engine, which was perhaps a little too complicated to be easily maintained by an owner driver, and which was rendered sluggish by rather too large a body; but those faults are trivial compared to the blunders which their rivals have committed at various times. At the present time they are producing in their popular range of Tens some of the liveliest and pleasantest small cars on the road, balanced by larger touring cars of the 16 and 20 h.p. class. They are all sound and even eminent examples of their class, and deserve far larger sales than they actually enjoy. For one thing, they are just a shade more expensive than some of their less worthy rivals, and so lose sales in an epoch when there is a craze for cheapness, and quality is not too closely scrutinised. For another thing, the firm's sales campaign has never been quite equal in efficiency to the manufacturing end of the business. My present object, however, is to draw attention to one of their current cars, which at the price has possibly no real competitor, though it is not intended to appeal to a very large and popular market. I refer to the speed model saloon, which is capable of round about eighty miles an hour on the flat, and is catalogued at £350 with a sliding roof.

The performance of this car is admirable, not only in speed, but in those less tangible qualities which produce satisfied owners. It has four gears, including a "silent third" or "traffic top," whichever term one prefers to use. All these gears are exceptionally easy to change, and are genuinely quiet for a car at this price. On the third gear a speed of over sixty miles an hour is obtainable, and if a similar speed on the high fourth gear were not so completely unobtrusive, I should describe the sixty which the car gives on third as delightful. Over forty can be reached on the second gear, which is extremely fast up really steep ascents. Not many cars at the price can furnish such a lively performance under full load, or such vivid acceleration on all the gears. But two other items of interest accompany these paces. Though the fourth gear ratio is as high as 3.7 to 1, the car will crawl very smoothly on its top gear. It is just not possible to step out, walk round the car, and enter by the opposite door, with the engine firing perfectly on fourth gear; but it can be slowed to about 5 m.p.h. on this 3.7 ratio, and accelerated quite smoothly to over eighty in some sixty seconds. And here I note an element of design which a casual observer might miss. Some designers employ multiple carburettors to wring this kind of performance from a smallish engine. The ordinary amateur will find his hands sufficiently occupied in keeping a single carburettor in perfect adjustment, so that it will suit his engine when it is new and when it is run in, in winter and in summer, and after decarbonisation has affected his induction joints. It will usually

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE FRESH AIR

EVERY poor slum child dreams of the sea, and pictures himself playing on the sands and splashing to his heart's content.

But dreams will not tan his pale cheeks or strengthen his frail body.

The Church Army is endeavouring to give him a REAL holiday.

Will you help ?

£5 gives three children and mother a fortnight's holiday. **£1-1s** gives a poor mother and baby one week's respite.

Cheques crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

Free from bran

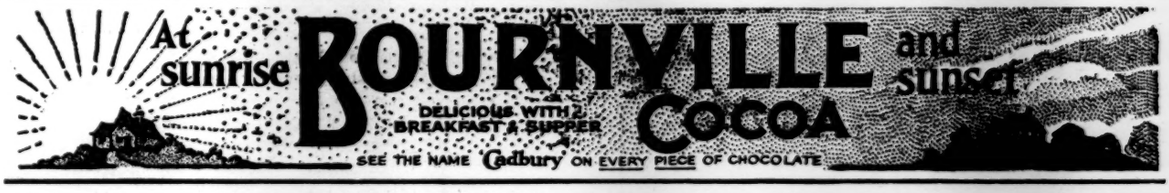
Baked by 20,000 bakers Enjoyed by millions

Hovis is approved by 20,000 leading bakers. Food authorities assure you that it supplies elements absolutely essential to your well-being. Millions of families enjoy its delicious flavour and health properties. The best baker in your neighbourhood bakes it for you.

HOVIS Trade Mark

The National Health Builder

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.



SUBSCRIPTION RATES

TO ENSURE the regular delivery of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION it is advisable for every reader either

(1) To become a Postal Subscriber
or (2) To place a definite order with a Newsagent.

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year	post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months	,, ,, ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months	,, ,, ...	7s. 6d.

THE MANAGER, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT QUEEN ST., KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

READERS of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are invited to use the advertisement columns of that journal for the purpose of making known their wants. Small prepaid advertisements are charged at the rate of One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion. (A line comprises about eight words.) One line should be added for Box Numbers. Substantial reductions are allowed for a series of insertions, details of which will be sent on application to the Advertisement Manager, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

DOES NOT THIS APPEAL OF THE CHILDREN TOUCH YOUR HEART?

1,100 young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are now under the care of

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(Founded 1843)

2s. 6d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute.
£7-10s. 0d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one hour.

Please send a gift to help the Society in this great work of caring for, and providing for, these young ones,

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

MR. W. J. TURNER SAYS:—"FOR THE SERIOUS MUSIC LOVER WHO WANTS A GRAMOPHONE IT IS THE E.M.G. MARK Xa MODEL WITH THE HORN OR NOTHING"

E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones are made in small numbers and made superlatively well to the designs of a scientist-music-lover, and sold direct to the public at prices from Twelve Guineas to £42. No other gramophone can possibly give the same perfection of musical result.

E.M.G.
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES
(who make also the finest radio sets)

Those who could not be satisfied with anything less than the best possible musical reproduction use the E.M.G. For example: FREDERICK DELIUS, CONSTANT LAMBERT, JOHN LANGDON DAVIES, J. B. PRIESTLEY, ERIC LINKLATER, and most of the leading critics.

E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LTD. (Temple Bar 6458.) 11, GRAPE ST. (behind Princes Theatre), LONDON, W.C.2

baffle a typical owner to keep two—or worse still, three—carburettors perfectly set through all these vicissitudes. The Rover accomplishes its feats on a single carburettor, and there is the more hope of preserving its factory tune. Furthermore, the general efficiency of the engine, coupled with the high top ratio, produces a petrol consumption of no less than 25 miles an hour. Many owners buy cars rated at 20 h.p. and endowed on paper with a consumption of 20 miles a gallon, only to discover too late that the real consumption is nearer 15 miles to the gallon. An economy of 25 miles per gallon is rare in the 20 h.p. class, and this car actually attains such a figure.

In other respects the car is more than satisfactory. The body is handsome and comfortable; from the driving seat a man of ordinary stature can see both wings, and is not compelled to use little rods topped by coloured balls. The instruments are bold and visible; many modern cars have dials which it is difficult to read when the car is in motion. The equipment is absolutely complete. The steering is firm, light, and definite. The suspension is far better than good, which is important, with a vehicle possessing such a wide range of speeds. Many semi-sports cars are harsh at low speeds, but this car rides well at a potter and when it is opened out. The brakes are of the servo type, and may therefore appear fierce at first acquaintance to a driver who is accustomed to providing all the brake-power from his own leg muscles. But as soon as he learns how to use the servo, he will find them admirable. The car is not heavy. Some of its rivals weigh over a ton and a half, but this saloon tips the beam at 27 cwt., a low figure which is reflected both in its speed, climb and fuel economy. The standard coachwork is upholstered on quality lines; it is fitted with Triplex glass, and is of the six light type with a sensible back window. An open four-seated model is priced at £500, but the wise buyer will prefer a saloon with sliding roof. The car as a whole is one of the best and cheapest for modern British road conditions. It transports its load economically and pleasantly when the driver is in a leisurely mood. If he is in a hurry, its unusual liveliness enables him to make good speed without risk. It is probably the best value on the market in the light semi-sporting class. R. E. DAVIDSON.

Russia this summer!

A VISIT TO RUSSIA NOW, HOWEVER BRIEF, IS AN EXPERIENCE OF THE HIGHEST VALUE FOR EVERY INTELLIGENT TOURIST.

Russia to-day is the most impressive and exciting country in the world. It presents a spectacle hitherto unknown in history: a great country transforming its industry and agriculture, and remoulding its whole life by conscious, deliberate, scientific means.

Do you know that Intourist, the State Tourist Agency of the U.S.S.R., has arranged many inexpensive Tours through Russia, costing from £25 inclusive?

TWO SHORT TOURS.—It is hoped that a group of readers of this Journal will be included in the parties taking the 16 Days in Russia Tour (No. 6), or the 23 Days in Russia Tour (No. 8) The inclusive cost of the former Tour is £37 or £53, according to accommodation required, and of the latter £44 or £68.

SPECIAL FIVE-WEEKS' TOUR.—This is a most comprehensive Tour into Central Asia and Turksib. There will be one Party only, starting from Leningrad on August 25. The most careful arrangements are being made for the comfort and convenience of the party.

INTOURIST undertakes all arrangements for travellers in Russia, including hotels and all meals; transport and delivery of baggage; sightseeing in the cities, motor-trips in the country; visits to museums and theatres, concerts and the cinema; all visa formalities and the services of a skilled interpreter.

Send (or, better still, CALL) for fully illustrated booklets giving detailed information.

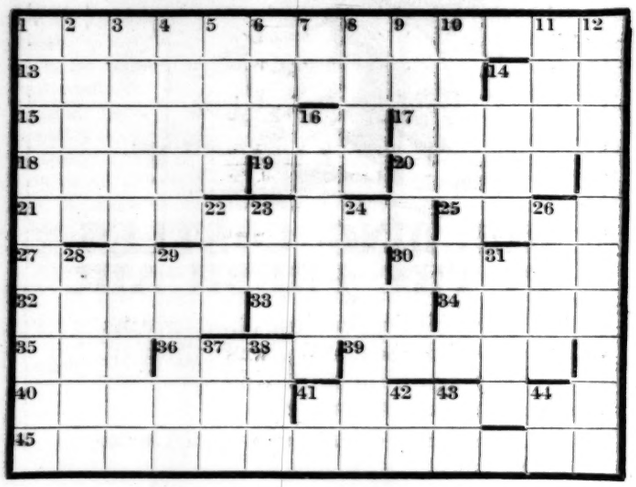
INTOURIST

State Tourist Agency of the U.S.S.R.
BUSH HOUSE
Aldwych, W.C.2
Temple Bar 5411

PLAYTIME

BY CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



SWELL-FOOT'S DAUGHTER.

ACROSS.

1. Southernness of aspect.
13. Related to Lord and Lady Aster.
14. Foreshadows a swing to the left.
15. Misappropriate.
17. My Alexandria was built by Antigonus.
18. Playwright's ape.
19. Fairy.
20. Duke who is always in the neighbourhood.
21. Addition.
23. We are Miss Bondfield's special care.
27. Throttle with a bend in it.
30. Almost a miss.
32. Letter and cord for the rhetorician.
33. Part of an instrument before long.
34. Cinderless lily.
35. Headless and tail-less fish.
36. On the hind legs, Admiral.
39. Title for Wilhelm II.
40. Unbeautified levels.
41. Rope at Burlington House.
45. Delusion that starts in the passage.

DOWN.

1, 2. Scoffing, and loving not the light.
3. Mutual.
4. Article of *virtu* somewhat battered.
5. See the Japanese dancer at my theatre.
6. Leads in prayer.
7. Musical number.
8. Geotropic legume.
9. Swell-foot's daughter.
10. Rodent, tail foremost.
11. See 24.
12. Anniversary of Gettysburg and Sadowa.
14. Battle Cruiser.
16. The Great Mel's trade.
22. Familiar article at the Louvre.
23. Globetrotters' spiritual home.
24, 11. Philosophy that sounds like a new sort of humbug.
26. Tragical? Nonsensical?
28. Comes after the "flowers that bloom in the spring."
29. The poet called me girlish.
31. Turned up tight.
37. Just reverse 22.
38. Military commissariat before the war.
41. Symbol of the indeterminate.
42, 43. See 9; what's gone is gone; the rest is just anyhow.
44. Pertains to daybreak with an article.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

P	A	N	D	O	R	A	T	H	E	S	I	S
Y	R	O	T	A	P	I	C	I	T	N	A	A
T	I	D	A	L	A	N	A	T	R	O	U	T
H	E	U	R	I	S	T	I	C	O	I	L	U
A	L	L	E	G	E	L	R	I	W	T	E	R
G	A	E	S	H	E	E	O	D	E	R	S	N
O	R	E	S	T	E	S	B	O	L	E	R	A
R	E	G	A	L	I	A	O	A	T	S	A	L
A	N	A	L	Y	S	E	S	R	E	N	N	I
S	A	L	E	S	M	A	N	S	H	I	P	A

AGAIN THE RINGER.

BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

No. XIV. Opening Bid of Three in a Major Suit.

	North:	East:
	♠ A Q 5 4 2 ♥ J 6 3 ♦ 10 8 3 ♣ 9 5	♠ K J 8 3 ♥ 9 4 ♦ J 9 7 4 ♣ K J 6
	West:	South:
	♠ 10 9 7 ♥ 8 ♦ A Q 6 2 ♣ Q 10 7 4 3	♠ 6 ♥ A K Q 10 7 5 2 ♦ K 5 ♣ A 8 2

Score: Love all. South deals.

The Bidding:

South	- -	3 ♥	West	- -	No Bid
North	- -	4 ♥	All Pass		

This is a very straightforward hand to bid. South is not strong enough for an opening Two-bid; but to bid One Heart only would give a very misleading idea of his hand. On the other hand, to "pre-empt" with Four Hearts would not only be risky but would obscure from North the fact that South has considerable honour strength. Hence the bid of Three, inviting a response if North has from 1 to 1½ honour tricks.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
APOLLO.	BANDITS.	Wed., Thurs.
DALY'S.	THE GEISHA.	Wed., Thurs.
DUKE OF YORK'S.	LONDON WALL.	W. & T.
GAIETY.	THE MILLIONAIRE KID.	Tues. & Fri.
GARRICK.	WHAT WOMAN WANTS.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	STAND UP AND SING.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
ROYALTY.	JUDAS.	Thurs. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'S.	PAYMENT DEFERRED.	W. & S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	LEAN HARVEST.	Tues., Fri.
STRAND.	IT'S A BOY.	Tues. & Thurs.
WYNDHAM'S.	THE OLD MAN.	Tues. & Fri.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
TURKEY TIME.
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

APOLLO. (Ger. 6970.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY in
BANDITS.
With Vera Lennox, Ben Welden.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
Daily at 2.30 and 8.15.

DALY'S. Last 2 weeks. Evenings at 8.15.
Famous Musical Comedy Revival,
THE GEISHA.
Mats. Wed., Thurs., 2.30. Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s., plus tax.

DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
Evenings only at 8.15.
RICHARD TAUBER in
THE LAND OF SMILES.
and RENEE BULLARD.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar. 5122-3.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
LONDON WALL.
By JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

GAIETY. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE MILLIONAIRE KID.
BARRY LUPINO, MADGE ELLIOTT, CYRIL RITCHARD, VERA BRYER and LADDIE CLIFF.

GARRICK. (Tem. Bar 8713.) Evgs. 8.20. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
WHAT WOMAN WANTS.
By WALTER ELLIS.
RENÉE KELLY. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

GLOBE. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Ger. 8724.
YVONNE ARNAUD in
THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.
A Modern Comedy by JAMES B. FAGAN.

HIPPODROME. London. GER. 0648.
Evgs., 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. JACK BUCHANAN in his New Musical Play
STAND UP AND SING.

LYRIC. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON, Francis Lederer, in
AUTUMN CROCUS.
"An Enchanting Play."—*Evening News.* Ger. 3686.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. GER. 9437.
Evenings, 8.15. MATS., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.
By RUDOLF BESIER.
Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cedric Hardwicke, Marjorie Mars, Scott Sunderland, Joan Barry.
London's Longest Run.

ROYALTY. Nightly at 9. Thurs. & Sat., at 3.
LEON M. LION presents *JUDAS.*
By F. V. Ratti, translated by F. O'Dempsey.
Vera Poliakoff. Henry Baynton. Basil Bartlett.

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
PAYMENT DEFERRED.
Charles Laughton. Jeanne de Casalis.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Nightly at 8.30. Mats., Tues. and Fri. at 2.30.
LEAN HARVEST.
By Ronald Jeans.

STRAND. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thur., 2.30.
IT'S A BOY.
LESLIE HENSON. SYDNEY HOWARD.
Connie Ediss. Austin Melford. (Smoking.)

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar. 3028.
Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Tues. and Fri. at 2.30.
THE OLD MAN. By Edgar Wallace.
MAISIE GAY.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY. Oxford Street (opposite Warings).
Unique Film Season. Dreyer's Great Epic, *THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC.* Next week: Alex. Moissi in *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO* and *WAXWORKS,* with Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss.

DOMINION. Tottenham Court Rd.
GLORIA SWANSON in *INDISCREET.*
Also Alfred Rode's Tzigane Band.
Daily from 12 noon. Sundays from 6 p.m.
2,000 seats at 1s. 6d. before 1 o'clock.

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Now 10 a.m. to Midnight.
Sundays 6 to 11. Doors open 5 p.m.
RAMON NOVARRO in
DAYBREAK.

LECTURES

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, July 5th, at 11 a.m.
S. K. RATCLIFFE.
THE NEW NORTH AND SOUTH.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.

August 3rd-22nd, 1931

FIVE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH DRAMA

SEVEN PLAYS IN EACH WEEK. EACH WEEK COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

The Company will include:

Frances Carson, Gillian Lind, Edgar Norfolk, Ralph Richardson, Eric Stanley, Ernest Thesiger and on Saturdays, Cedric Hardwicke.

Details from THE THEATRE, MALVERN, *or from*
MALVERN FESTIVAL BUREAU, 34, HENRIETTA ST., W.C.2. (Temple Bar 1668)

LITERARY.

LEARN to write Articles and Stories; make spare hours profitable. Booklet free.—REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191), 9, Palace Gate, W.8.

EARN MONEY writing Showcards at home; we instruct you, supply work and pay cash weekly.—GRANT & GRAY (GH), 2, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

BOOKS on every conceivable subject. On approval, 1,000,000 Vols. (Second-hand and New) in Stock. Rare Books. First Editions. Sets of Authors, &c., &c. Catalogues free; mention requirements. Books purchased.—FOYLES, 121-123, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

APPEALS.

EAST END MISSION (founded 1885). Fortnight's holiday for 600 slum children. Day's outing for 15,000 slum children. Old people and tired mothers not forgotten. Six doctors employed. 2,500 patients weekly. Great Religious, Social and Philanthropic Institution. Full particulars sent. Visitors invited. REV. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, E.1.

RESTAURANTS

OMELETTES AS IN FRANCE.—Really good cooking at moderate prices. Three cafés in one. Open until 1 a.m. for after Theatre suppers.—Mrs. COOK'S, next the Piccadilly Theatre.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

KENSINGTON, NEWBURGH HOUSE, 184, CROMWELL ROAD, S.W. WESTERN 4948. Inclusive terms from 3 gns. single, 6 gns. double. Constant hot water. Gas-fires in all bedrooms. Good public rooms. Restaurant. Lawn tennis club attached. Two hard courts. Two minutes Earl's Court Station.—Miss C. M. TURNER, M.B.E.

LONDON'S best value is at White Lodge, now under the experienced personal management of Mrs. E. B. REDSHAW. First quality food in plenty, well cooked and tastefully served. Board residence from 52s. 6d. a week. No extras. Double rooms at specially reduced terms for permanent guests.—18, Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park, London.

REFORMED INNS

170 INNS AND HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
Ask for Descriptive List (2d. post free).
P.R.H.A. Ltd., St. George's House, 193, Regent Street, W.1

FELIXSTOWE.—BRACONDALE PTE. HOTEL. Best Position Sea Front. 1st Class Cuisine and Service. Tel. 272.

EASTBOURNE.—2, Jevington Gardens. High-class vegetarian Guest House, at moderate terms. Full particulars on request.—Mrs. P. H. ROGERS (Cookery diploma). Tel. 866.

DEEPDENE, Shanklin, I.W.—Vegetarian Guest House. Beautiful situation, garden, tennis, excellent bathing. Friendly atmosphere amongst visitors, both English and Foreign. Mrs. WYNNE. Telephone: Shanklin 254

BOURNEMOUTH'S Food Reform Guest House, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gardens. Sea 2 mins.; everything for a restful and happy holiday; very moderate tariff.—Write for Illustrated Prospectus. 'Phone 976.

TORQUAY. PEMBROKE HOTEL. (*An English Biarritz.*)—200 yards beach. Own grounds. Sheltered. Warm. Happy environment, with every home comfort. E.l. and gas-fires. Terms from 3 gns. —FOSTER.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service; quiet situation, minute from sea; 'phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

FERNDOWN, DORSET.—The Links Hotel (Pte.). Beautifully situated on Ringwood-Wimborne Road. South aspect. Moderate terms.

WORTHING.—Private Guest House, near sea, shops and all amusements; gas fires in bedrooms; easy access to Downs.—Misses K. M. ELLIS and E. H. AINSWORTH, Kelso House.

RECENT visitors recommend Traveller's Rest Hotel, Ulpha, Duddon Valley, Cumberland. Excellent cooking, good service, modern conveniences, beautiful scenery, quiet, moderate terms.

HAMBURG. German schoolmaster (University graduate, married) takes paying guests. English references, terms moderate. Write Dr. Beutler, Bergedorf, Hamburg, Bluecherstr. 1.

AUSTRIAN TYROL.—Mountains, pinewoods, glaciers. Sun, peace, flowers. Autumn especially beautiful.—Miss ANDREW, Pension Waldrast, Mieders-im-Stubaital.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

HANTS COAST.—Attractive Houses, Bungalows and Cottages for Sale and To Let, Furnished and Unfurnished, in Southsea, Portsmouth and Southampton districts, overlooking Isle of Wight and the Solent.—Apply HAMILTON CLIFTON, late RACKHAM & VAIL, Estate Agents, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.

FLAT to let, July, August; exceptionally favoured situation, Hampstead Garden Suburb. Sitting, two bedrooms, large kitchen dining-room, Eureka cooker, bathroom, geyser, telephone, maid available. 4 guineas weekly.—SHIPHAM, The Institute, N.W.11.

SUNNY FLATS in well-designed modern building, up-to-date and labour-saving; constant hot water, Frigidaire; garage accommodation, etc., delightful surroundings, within view Spaniards, Hampstead Heath, and golf links; bus 608 from Golders Green or Highgate Tube (25 minutes City). Rental £90-£130. Write for illustrated booklet.—COPART AND COPART, LTD., Lyttelton Court, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.11. Speedwell 3262.

HYDE PARK.—S.c. flat, 3 rms., bath, etc., good house. Rent inc. £120 per ann.—Caretaker, 4, Queensborough Terrace, W., or 'Phone: Speedwell 3766.

85 HIGHBURY NEW PARK.—2- or 4-roomed flats 18s. or 30s. per week inc.—Caretaker, or 'Phone Speedwell 3766.

GENTLEWOMAN wishes to let a furnished bed-sitting room (with good breakfast, telephone, gas fire and ring, bath) in her W.C. flat, and rooms, furnished or unfurnished in her convenient, modern house at Golders Green; use of garden.—BOX 58, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

IN the Heart of the Cotswolds.—For Sale, Freehold, attractive small secluded property, 500 feet above sea level. Seven miles from Stroud and Kemble Junction. The thatched cottage residence contains lounge hall with gallery, two bedrooms, dressing room, kitchen, bathroom and fine studio. Two cottages, one let. Total area with pasture field and two copses about five acres. The property is well suited to artists or craftsmen.—Apply BOX 56, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR.

AMERICA PROPHESIES THE END OF THE SLUMP—THE FINANCIAL MESS IN SOUTH AMERICA—CHILE AND BRAZIL.

SO violent has been the rebound in prices on the New York Stock Exchange that one asks again the question—can the Americans really believe that President Hoover ended the slump? A little burst of national pride might have accounted for three days of jubilation, and a lively rushing to cover of the "bears," but seven days of soaring prices seem to call for some further explanation. Two causes, I think, may be advanced. First of all, not many days before Mr. Hoover's pronouncement several of the professional prophets in America became "bullish." The Standard Statistics Company, which had for months past been advising a very cautious investment policy, counselled on June 15th a purchase of common stocks "for the long term" on the grounds, *inter alia*, that "a recovery both in the volume of business and in corporation earnings will occur in the autumn of the current year . . . that very significant adjustments in the costs of a great many corporations have been effected during the past six to eight months . . . and that business pessimism has been carried to unreasonable, unjustifiable, even ridiculous extremes." These were strong words for this conservative investment agency, but the man-who-foretold-the-slump-several-times, Mr. Babson, became still more prophetic. Mr. Babson sent the following message on June 17th to the Convention of the Advertising Federation of America: "The country to-day is like a man lying on his back. There is only one way he can look and that is upward, if he looks honestly and is not 'short' of stocks. (Why cannot he squint, Mr. Babson?) . . . I am willing to stake my reputation, based on thirty years' experience, that business has seen its worst, that although the change will be slow it will be in the right direction and that within a reasonable time this country will again enter a period of marked prosperity." Thus did Mr. Babson throw off defeatism.

* * *

The counsels of the Standard Statistics Company and the prophecies of Mr. Babson fell on deaf ears at the time, but when President Hoover gave the signal for an advance, their words were remembered. Not only did the bears run to cover, but speculative investors took courage and really bought stocks for the "turn in trade." Here was the great contrast between London and New York, for the less emotional British public did not rush into the market. In the second place, the Federal Reserve authorities gave practical assistance to the prophets—and to Mr. Hoover—by speeding up their cheap money policy. They resumed the buying of Government securities—the traditional banking method of expanding the basis of credit. Whether the Federal Reserve bankers feel that this policy will revive domestic trade or whether they are seeking to discourage further imports of gold and make it easier for the Bank of England to reduce its discount rate, is not yet clear, but the spirit of constructiveness is abroad. Indeed, there are signs that the helpful attitude which America has now adopted towards European finance will be extended to the South American debtor countries. It goes without saying that international trade will not recover until the debtor countries, crippled by the fall in the prices of primary commodities, receive credits to enable them to meet their foreign commitments this year or, alternatively, a moratorium. South America is in as bad a financial mess as Europe. Bolivia and Peru have defaulted. Bolivia is hopelessly bankrupt as a result of the slump in tin, its principal product, while Peru, whose economic structure has a broader base, is temporarily hit by the fall in the prices of copper, silver, oil, cotton, and sugar. Meanwhile, Brazil and Chile are in serious financial straits.

* * *

Of course, international credits are not arranged in quite so simple a manner as soup kitchens in Chicago. It is not sufficient for the Chancellor of some bankrupt Exchequer to call up the White House on the telephone and ask for another Presidential gesture. It is not always helpful, as Australia found out, to call in some specialist in financial diseases, like Sir Otto Niemeyer, to prescribe a remedy. The diagnosis may be obvious, but the medicine prescribed may be considered too drastic and unpleasant by the patient or it may be regarded as too costly by the doctors who have, for the time being, to pay their patient's bills. Let us consider the cases of Chile and Brazil. A delegation of American and British banking experts has been summoned by the Chilean Government to investigate and advise. The financial problem of Chile is comparatively simple. Her external debt services require about £8,000,000 a year. Normally she has a favourable, visible balance of trade—it was as much as £19,400,000 in 1928—but in 1930 she had an unfavourable balance of about £1,700,000 as a result of the reduced volume and values of her copper and nitrate exports. In the first three months of 1931, by restricting imports, she had a favourable visible balance of over £200,000 but the invisible balance, on account of the external debt services, remains dangerously adverse. The Central Bank, which has raised its rediscount rates to 9 per cent., has been obliged to draw heavily on its gold reserves abroad to meet the demand for foreign exchange bills, and its gold holdings in Chile have been reduced to £5,600,000. Meanwhile, the Government's finances have been severely strained by lower revenues, by its failure to borrow on "long" term to meet capital expenditures and by its temporarily self-denying treatment of the "rationalised" nitrate industry. Now Chile is the only one of the South American republics which has never defaulted in its obligations to foreign bondholders. This, a few weeks ago, was construed as a "bear" rather than as a "bull" point, but President Hoover has now spoken, the financial experts are on their way, and the National City Company, which is co-operating with the Government in this crisis, assures us that Chile "will be willing to take such measures as may be necessary to maintain its financial equilibrium." The July 1st payments on the external debt will be met; but the Government is without the requisite foreign exchange to meet the payments due in August.

* * *

Now for Brazil. The financial and economic problems in this case are much more complicated. Sir Otto Niemeyer has investigated the position on the spot and has refrained from announcing his conclusions. Indeed, the market in Brazilian bonds improved recently on the understanding that Sir Otto's report would not be published, which seemed a poor compliment to both doctor and patient. No one knows how much the Brazilian Governments—Federal, State and municipal—owe abroad. It is generally stated that Brazil must pay £25,000,000 a year to meet the services on her external debts, but as there are several British and French loans in default, I am inclined to accept the estimate of Iselin and Company of £19,200,000. Last year her favourable balance of trade fell to about £10,000,000, and she was only able to cover her foreign commitments by the shipment of gold. Early this year London banks, headed by Rothschilds, came to her assistance with a £6,500,000 credit to run for eighteen months. Yet the milreis has not appreciably improved in spite of a favourable trade balance for the first five months of this year of about £8,000,000. This may be explained by the fact that Brazil is a one-product country—coffee accounting for over 70 per cent. of its export trade. Practically the whole stock of coffee is held as collateral for loans floated abroad, so that the only immediate advantage to Brazil in disposing of its coffee stocks is the saving she makes on the loan services. Meanwhile, she is doing her best to improve her international balance by restricting imports. Thus the trade of the world suffers because the primary producers stagger under the burden of their debts. There is a vast amount of reconstructive finance to be carried out before the slump can be abolished, but at last the problems are being tackled in earnest.

That the market now takes a more cheerful view of the prospects of the foreign bond market is seen from this record of Chilean and Brazilian bonds:

	Low 1931.	Present Price.	Yield %. Flat.	Redn.
Chile 6%, 1926	63	72	£8 12 0	£9 2 0
Brazil 5% Fdg., 1914 ..	53½	65	£7 15 0	£8 2 0
San Paulo 7½% Coffee ..	45	65	£12 0 0	£14 0 0

* * *

Hats off once again to America before we close. (British) Woolworth 5s. ordinary shares have been hoisted to a premium of about 5s. above the issue price of 40s., while Boots Pure Drug, controlled by the Drug Incorporated of America, reports 7,000,000 new customers last year, and the biggest turnover in its history. Whether it is with drugs at cheap prices or with "goodwill" shares at dear prices, American salesmanship seems to give the British public what it wants.

COMPANY MEETING

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

LORD TRENT'S SPEECH

RECORD TURNOVER

7,000,000 NEW CUSTOMERS

The 43rd Annual General Ordinary Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company Limited, was held at Station Street, Nottingham, on June 25th, 1931, The Right Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman of Directors, presiding over a large attendance of shareholders.

The Secretary (Mr. A. Sugden) having read the notice convening the meeting, the minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read and confirmed.

The report of the Auditors, Messrs. Sharp, Parsons and Co., Chartered Accountants, was then read by Mr. J. C. Parsons.

Mr. H. B. Holthouse, the oldest director, paid a tribute to the memory of the late Lord Trent, and the meeting stood in silence for a minute.

The Chairman said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I should like to express publicly my appreciation of the kindness of my fellow directors in so readily postponing this meeting from the date originally fixed until to-day, and hope that this has caused no great inconvenience to the shareholders.

The facts concerning my father's business life are so well known that any comment from me would be superfluous; but I think you would like to know that although he had taken no part whatever in the management of the business since 1920, whenever his state of health permitted it, he was keenly interested in hearing about the firm's activities and development, even up to a few weeks ago.

Following our usual custom, I presume that we may take the Directors' report and balance sheet as read. At the end of March, our colleague, Mr. Ratcliffe, retired from the board. He had been with the firm 43 years, and had worked from the position of cashier up to that of director in charge of merchandise. Though he was active and well, he felt that, having reached the age of 65, he should now make way for a younger man and devote his time and energy to some other form of public work. There is a great deal of work in a large city like Nottingham, which can only be carried on by such public-spirited men as Mr. Ratcliffe. He had always taken a great interest in the young people on our firm, and it is interesting to note that many of the younger departmental managers owe a great deal to his training and encouragement. I'm sure he has the best wishes of us all in his retirement.

The Accounts

Turning now to the balance sheet, you will see that Freehold Properties are up £136,638, which is largely accounted for by the steady progress which has been made with our new manufacturing laboratories at Beeston.

Plant and Fittings show an increase of £47,517, which is £6,716 more than last year.

Sundry Debtors show an increase of £9,895.

Stock in Trade shows a decrease of £105,655 which, in view of the present trend in prices, is a very satisfactory feature.

The amounts owing by Subsidiary Companies show an increase of £208,265.

On the other side of the balance sheet, you will see that Creditors show a decrease of £43,122.

We have transferred £30,000 to the General Staff Pension Fund, which is £5,000 more than last year. £11,247 interest has been added to this fund, against £9,521 last year, and it now amounts to a total of £266,189. Last year we paid £13,800 to those members of our staff who had had to retire through sickness or advancing years.

Turning to the profit and loss account, you will notice that the balance, after deducting various charges, is £722,264, which I'm sure you will agree is highly satisfactory in times like these. I need hardly say that these profits are the result of trading operations.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred share dividends, and after payment of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares, we have a balance from the year's profits of £265,514, which, together with the balance from last year, amounts to £495,342. Your Directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 1s. per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary shares, absorbing £75,000, the same as last year, and a transfer to the Reserve Fund of £200,000, leaving £220,342 to be carried forward to next year.

Satisfactory Results

The increase in the number of customers was nearly 7,000,000 and in spite of the drop in prices and the lower purchasing power of the public, our turnover was much the largest the Company has ever had. From these facts, together with the figures which I have just read to you, there is only one conclusion to be drawn, that is, in spite of all the difficulties, and they have been many, that the year's results are satisfactory. In order to get these results every process in our organisation, whether in the laboratories, warehouses or offices, is under constant revision with a view to efficiency and economy, and wherever improved methods or machinery can be introduced, we are doing so.

Concurrently with this, we are striving the whole time to improve our service to our customers, and I am satisfied that we have never given better value to the public than we are giving to-day.

Satisfactory progress is being made with the second unit of our new plant at Beeston, which, when complete, will be a model works in every respect, and we hope to start production there during 1932.

Realising our responsibility to our millions of customers, we have made it a matter of principle, not only to afford the utmost possible service to the public in our branches, but also to carry out and support researches directed to the prevention and cure of diseases in every possible way.

This we do by means of original investigations carried out in our own laboratories, and also by assisting workers in the field of medical science by preparing for them, often at considerable expense to ourselves, various drugs for clinical trial. Acknowledgements in medical and scientific journals bear witness to this fact. Our contact with important hospitals and with the leading representatives of medical and scientific research in this country, has enabled us to improve and extend our range of special medical products. In a time of general trade depression, from which the chemical industry as a whole has not escaped, it is a matter of pride to record that the department manufacturing our fine and medicinal chemicals has had a record year, and that the demand for our brands of staple fine chemicals, such as Aspirin, and Insulin, continues to increase rapidly.

Introduction of New Products

In accordance with our policy and duty to medical science in this country, we have introduced new products of our own manufacture, and have imported products to assist in the treatment of various diseases. For some three years past we have made and marketed a Liver Extract in powder form, prepared by the official process, for the treatment of pernicious anaemia. This is necessarily expensive, owing to the method of manufacture, and acting upon representations made to us, we now produce an extract of liver in fluid form, which costs less than the powder, and which has also been tested and found to be efficient clinically.

It is our policy to provide for our customers, not only the best medicines obtainable in the British Isles, but also to investigate the value of medicinal discoveries introduced in other countries. Published information showed us that the concentrated serum for the treatment of pneumonia, introduced by Felton, was saving many lives. After investigation we arranged to place our distributing facilities at the disposal of the Lederle Company, who are one of the manufacturers of this special serum, for supplying this valuable remedy throughout the country, and it has now been arranged that we shall be the distributors in Great Britain for all Lederle products.

During the year, our Research Department has been keeping abreast of the trend of modern scientific opinion, particularly on the medical side. A prominent feature in recent medical literature, both in this country and elsewhere, has been the question of antiseptics, especially for use in midwifery, and of methods of evaluating them in the laboratory. Our Bacteriological Department has consequently made many tests upon the new and previously known antiseptics by a number of different methods, and in this way accumulated a sound basis of knowledge on which to build in future.

Some of the results of our researches have been published in scientific journals during the last 12 months; amongst them are papers dealing with our new antiseptic, Amyl-meta-cresol, the valuation of carbolic powder, the mode of action of Insulin, and the syntheses of compounds allied to the active principle of ipecacuanha.

New Branches Opened

In spite of world-wide depression, I am pleased to say that our Export trade has grown very satisfactorily during the past year.

Our Retail Companies have opened 33 new branches during the year, and the total number on March 31st last was 911.

The new shops at Cambridge and Norwich to which I referred in last year's report have now been opened some months, and show a satisfactory increase in business.

We have also rebuilt our shop at Coventry, and reconstructed our premises at Grainger Street, Newcastle, where we have instituted a 24-hour service. This has been greatly appreciated both by the doctors and the general public. During the last 12 months, we have kept the whole of our 17,000 employees on full time, and a large number of men have been working on our extension at Beeston, and in addition, we have spent over £200,000 on structural work to improve our various properties, and thus contributed in a small way to prevent unemployment from becoming worse than it is. Whilst the outlook for business in general is uncertain, we have satisfactory reserves, sufficient liquid assets for our requirements, stock in a healthy condition, and last, but most important of all, a loyal hard-working staff, who can be relied on to do their utmost for the success of the Company.

I now move that the accounts be accepted, and that the appropriations out of the profits, as printed in the Directors' Report, be hereby approved.

Mr. J. E. Greenwood, M.A., LL.B., A.C.A., seconded the adoption of the report which was carried unanimously.

On the proposition of Mr. J. W. Hind, seconded by Mr. William Lee, the retiring directors were re-elected as follows:—The Rt. Hon. Lord Trent, W. C. Church, G. M. Gales, F. L. Pyman, D.Sc., Ph. D., F.I.C., F.R.S.

Messrs. Sharp, Parsons and Co., chartered accountants, Birmingham and London, were reappointed auditors to the Company, on the motion of Mr. A. N. Bromley, seconded by Mr. J. Aspden.

In expressing thanks, Mr. J. C. Parsons said:—

The balance sheet you have before you and the general progress of the business as outlined in the Chairman's speech are sufficient indications, if any were needed, that the sound firm basis upon which the business was originally founded has been continued and is being maintained.

A cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors was carried on the proposition of Mr. J. O. Teale, seconded by Mr. J. Clarke.

The Chairman:—On behalf of myself and my fellow directors, I want to thank you very heartily for your vote of thanks. We do not pass a resolution to that effect, but we do comment each year in the speech from the chair on the work which is being done by our staff during the year. I assure you that is no formal thanks, because we do realise that we, as directors, could not do the work unless we were backed up by what we consider to be one of the finest staffs in the country, and with their help we are satisfied that whatever business is to be got during the next 12 months we, at any rate, will get our share.

This concluded the meeting.